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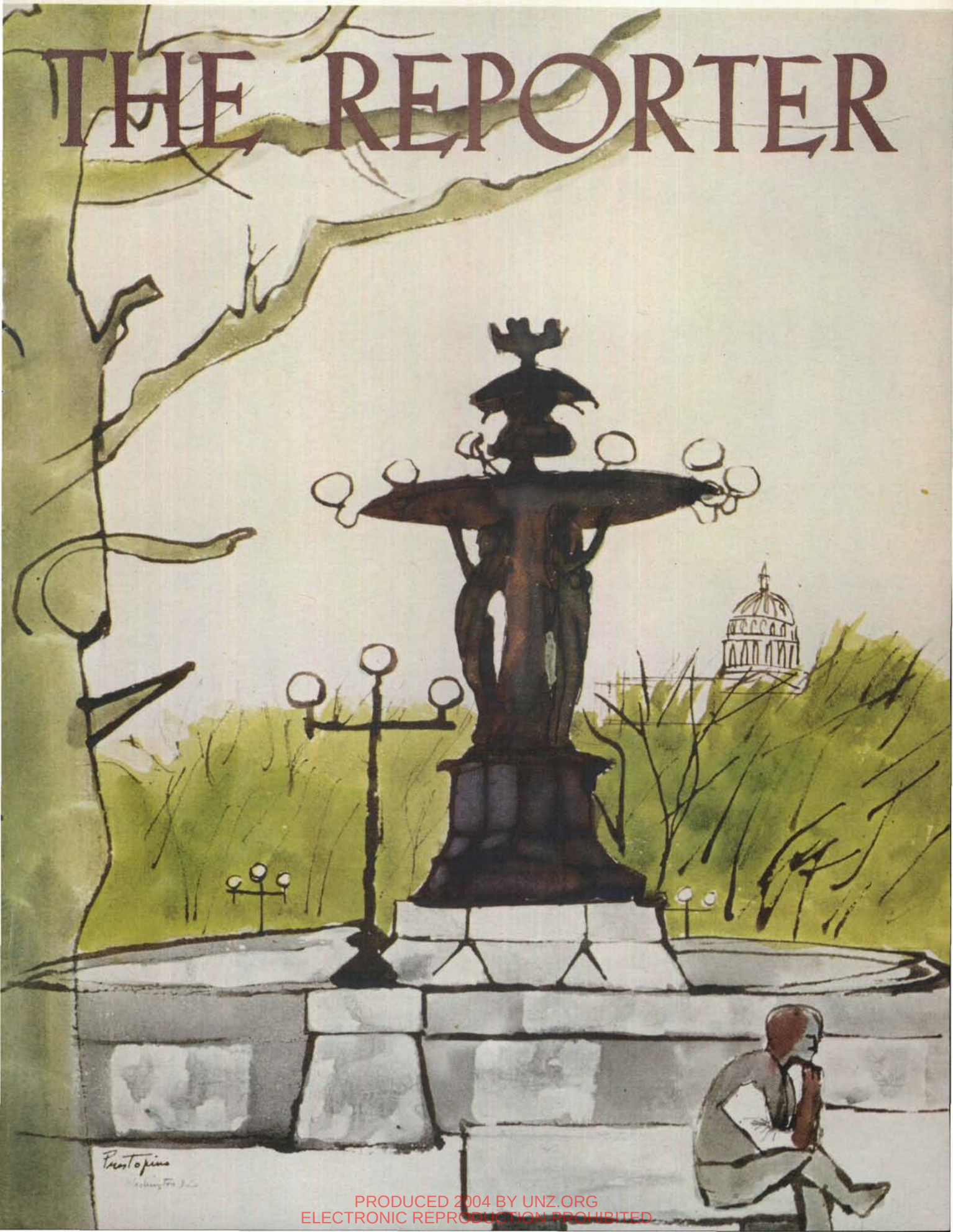

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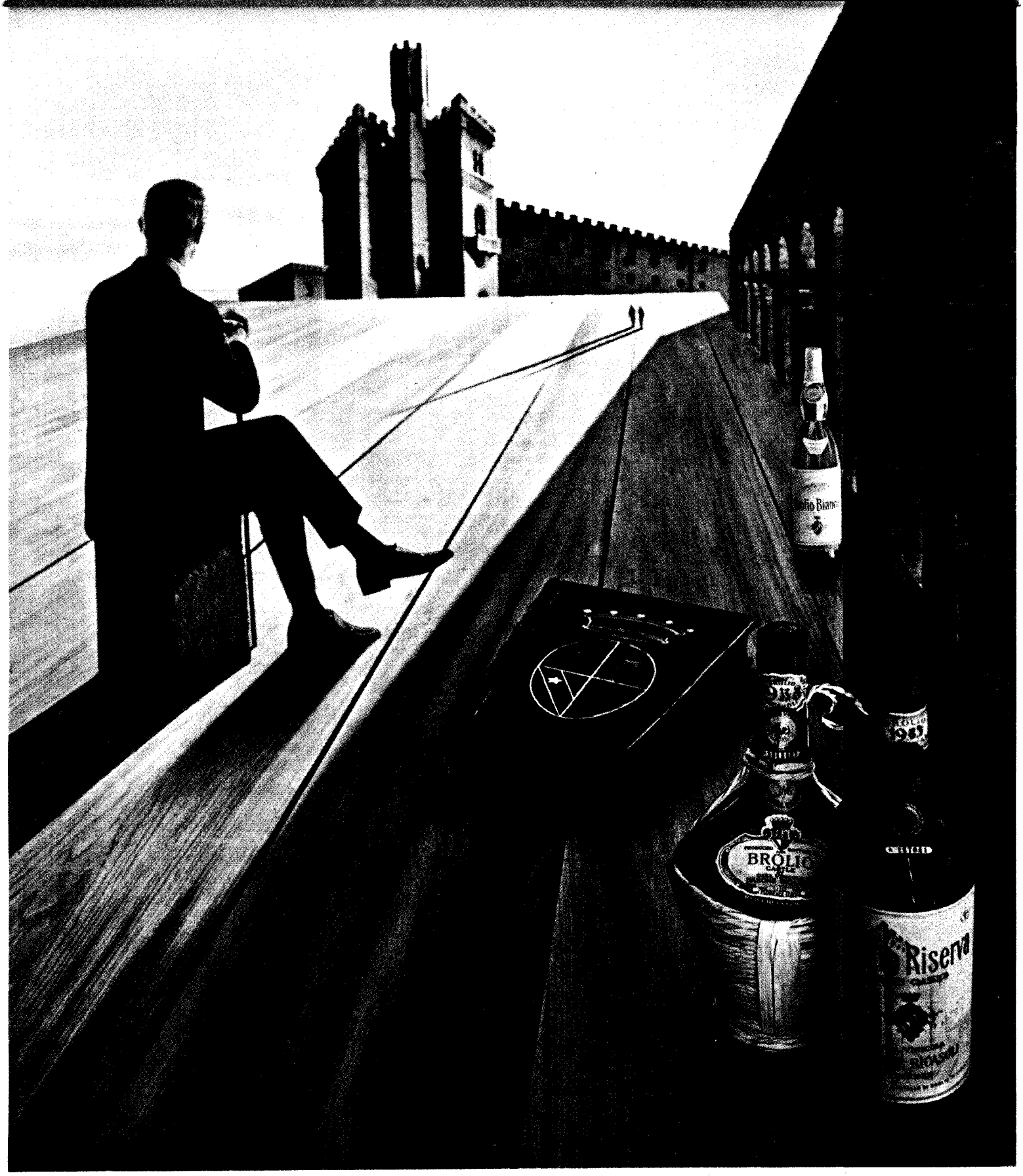

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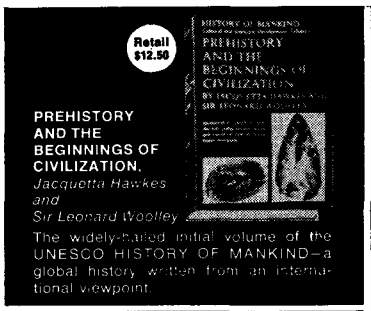
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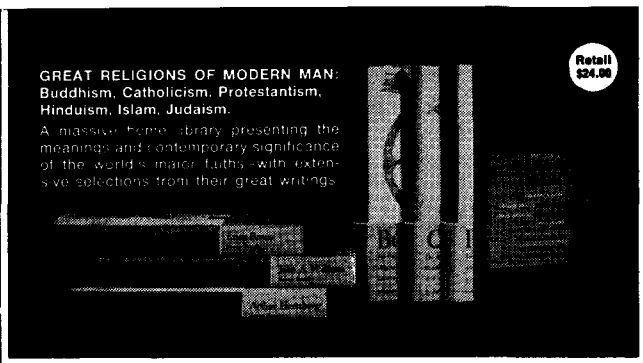
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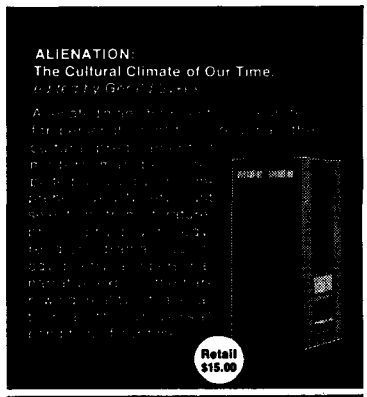

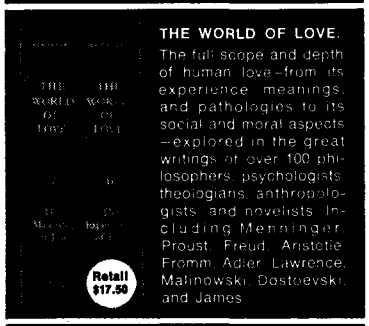
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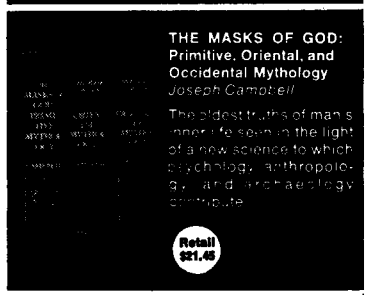
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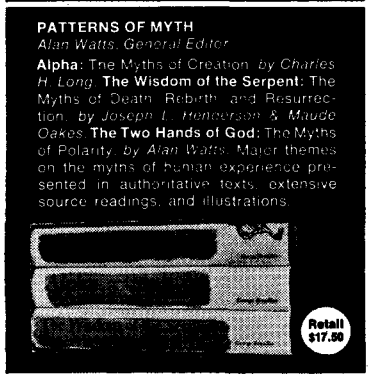
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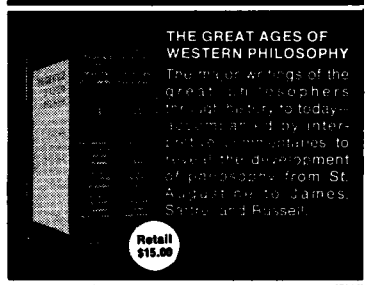

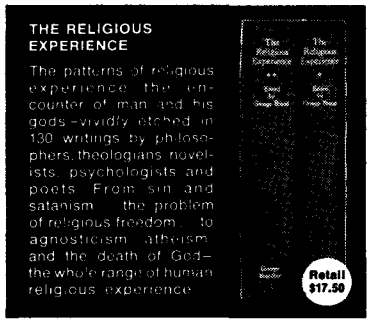
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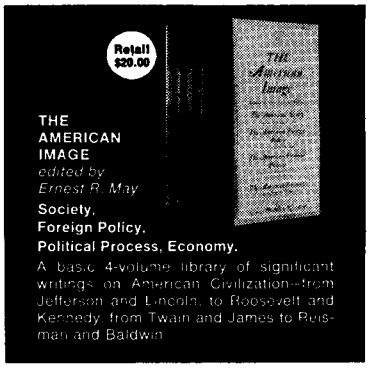
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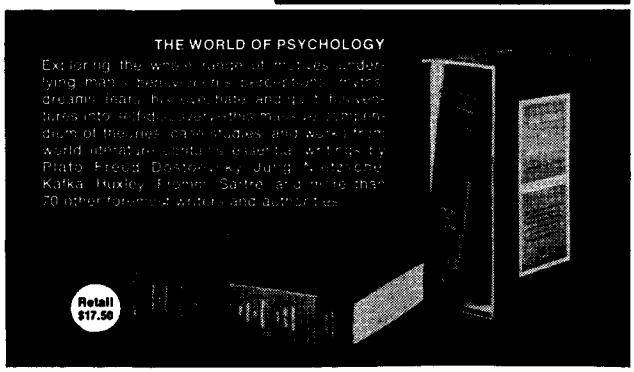

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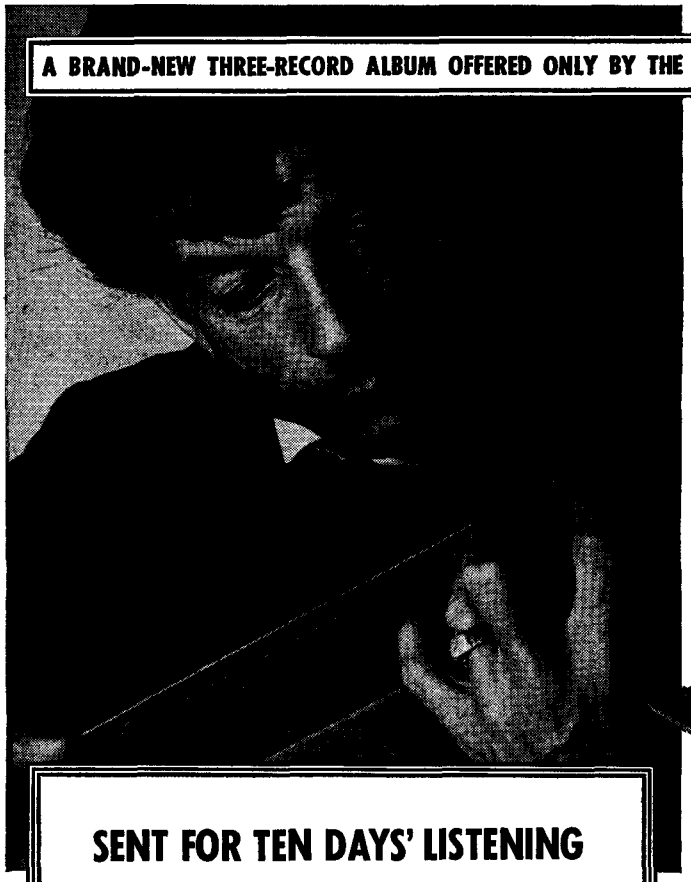

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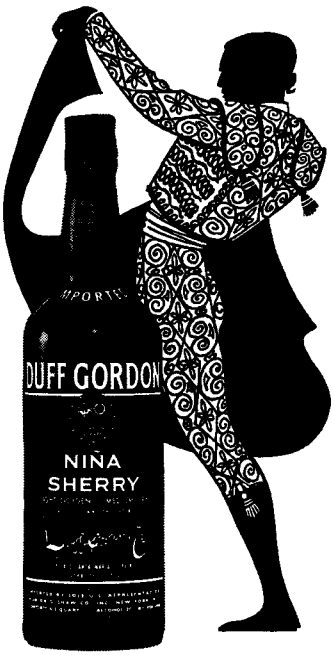

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

MAX ASCOLI has been abroad, but hasn't had much of a vacation, for he couldn't stop reading the papers nor worrying about how things were going on the home front. In his editorial he tells why.

When a nationwide program involving three levels of bureaucracy is rushed into being to solve a problem as vital and stubborn as that of preparing our unskilled jobless youth for useful lives, some initial overlapping is doubtless inevitable. Still, the muddle **Barbara Carter** found as she threaded the maze of tangled lines between Office of Economic Opportunity headquarters in Washington and Albany and New York City does not seem to be a promising beginning for the program. The Job Corps couldn't have found a more complex situation to start an urban recruitment drive than the one existing in New York. Even more disturbing is the evidence that thousands of young people who are responding to the recruitment drive will be turned away, and no one seems to know what to do with them.

MORE AND MORE we are made to realize that the tentacular expansion of China's influence and ambition is the driving force behind the diverse adversaries we are facing on the military and political battlefronts of Asia and Africa. In Vietnam, **Denis Warner** points out, President Johnson's response to the new Vietcong tactics contains a warning to Peking as much as to Hanoi. . . . One wonders if President de Gaulle ever thinks ruefully of his November, 1959, press conference, when he referred to "the yellow multitude which is China . . . a power which cannot be kept within limits. . . ." Now China is trying not only to conquer Asia but to subvert French influence in the parts of the former French empire dearest to the general's heart—it was in Brazzaville in 1944 that de Gaulle first charted the principles of the French Community. Today, **Edmond Taylor** reports, Brazzaville is a center of Chinese intrigues in French Africa. . . . In Tibet, where China is the colonialist power, the shoe is on the other foot. **George Patterson,** a Scottish medical missionary who has lived with tribesmen on both sides of the Tibetan border since 1947, describes a hit-and-run guerrilla campaign against the Chinese in the Himalayas that is surprisingly effective despite a lack of guns and ammunition.

THERE ARE SIGNS—or at least ardent hopes—that some of the wounds left by the Civil War in the politics of our nation may finally be healing. A Southerner is now our President; another, Russell Long, has been elected Senate Majority Whip. In his own way, Russell Long, too, has graduated from a regional to a national grasp of politics by allying himself with some senators representing a vintage kind of Populism. **Laurence M. Stern** is a reporter for the Washington *Post*. . . . The politics of Austria, that sickly nation with a head, Vienna, too big for its body, is unique in Europe. It takes a reporter like **George Bailey,** who has made Vienna a second home, to do justice to the latest, largely unreported Austrian political scandal. . . . **Richard M. Scammon,** who recently resigned as director of the Bureau of the Census, has long been irked by the misuse of statistics to create fear of a population explosion in America. Free-lance writer **Ben J. Wattenberg,** in consultation with Mr. Scammon, here sets forth a more balanced view of our nation's growth. Their book, *American Family Portrait,* will be published this fall by Doubleday.

THE HIGH VALUE of **Ralph Ellison's** measured evaluation of the Negro's position in the United States is widely recognized. In 1953 he won the National Book Award with *Invisible Man;* last year he published *Shadow and Act,* a collection of his recent essays (both Random House). **Robert Penn Warren,** whose interview with Mr. Ellison appears in our pages, is the author of *All the King's Men* (Harcourt); of his many other books, *Promises: Poems 1954-1956* (Random House) won a National Book Award in 1958. . . . **Gordon Rogoff,** who reports on the Moscow Art Theatre's recent performances in New York, is a regular contributor; he is drama critic for the *Tulane Drama Review*. . . . **M. L. Rosenthal** writes about two "confessional" poets, John Berryman and the late Theodore Roethke, whose *The Far Field* has just won the National Book Award. . . . **Thomas Sterling,** novelist and traveler, is the author of *Stanley's Way: A Sentimental Journey Through Central Africa* (Atheneum). . . . Our Chilean commentator, **Fernando Krahn,** turns an innocent eye on a knight's armor.

Our cover of Washington in springtime is by a frequent contributor, **Gregorio Prestopino.**

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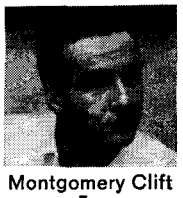
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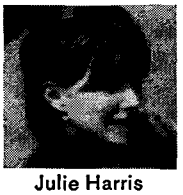
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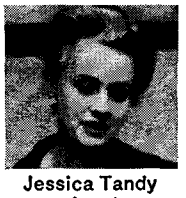
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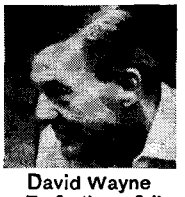
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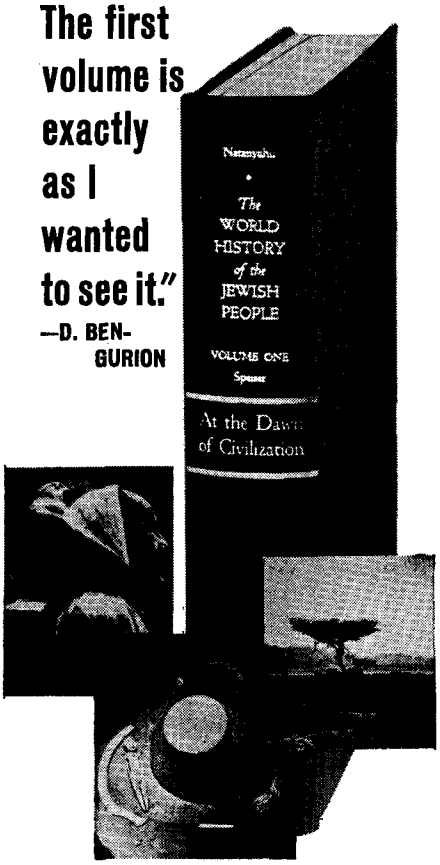

Volume I

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE CHOICE IN VIETNAM

To the Editor: Philip Horton's "The Great Debate" ("The Reporter's Notes," March 11) nags at several troublesome areas of the U.S. involvement in Southeast Asia. Most dominant is that the administration seems to be seeking a legitimatizing public consensus for the use of power. Again the recurring U.S. penchant for "morality in international relations."

There is no argument that our political structure has placed the President at the top of the pyramid of national power and that he possesses, from that vantage point, an overview few of us can realize. But if, on this basis, we grant the President the flexibility Mr. Horton alludes to, why also is there this persistent need for moral sanction? Why the public's hooting at Senators Morse, Gruening, and Church in such a manner as to suggest a reaction to pangs of conscience?

Yes, in pragmatic terms of accomplishment of effective salvage of U.S. interests in Southeast Asia, the President should be able to enjoy the flexibility Mr. Horton advocates. But there is the secret hope that President Johnson does have a wider scope of presentation to choose from than the structured White Paper. And, too, there is the hope that the administration will veer away from the liberal tradition that always begs simplistic "either/or" judgments from peoples not traditionally enlightened in this sanitary western polemic practice.

If it is an issue that has indeed passed beyond the grasp of a non-military, non-statesmanlike public, so be it. But the nagging tangle of half-truths that have emerged from Vietnam should not pretend to supply a totality of information for a moral consensus such as the administration encourages.

RICHARD O. TITUS
Washington, D. C.

PROBLEMS, PROBLEMS

To the Editor: Congratulations on the unbelievably, simply unbelievably exquisite spoof, "The Problem Problem" (*The Reporter*, February 25), by your Washington editor, Meg Greenfield.

She should certainly monopolize the current season's prizes, with some oak-leaf clusters thrown in. Simply wild!

HAROLD B. SOMER
New York

To the Editor: It is as naïve to fear a problem gap as to doubt the perfection of Robert Moses.

The primary problem resource, of course, is the administrative phenomenon of governmental activity connected with problem-responsitivity; as the Cerberus Head Institute has noted in a recent study, the number of governmental and quasi-governmental agencies dealing with a specific function tends to increase 23.7 per cent per annum at the local and state levels. As this increase in structural complexity produces administrative and co-ordinative difficulties, it was our tentative conclusion, subject to further preliminary study, evaluation, and review, that the problem gap is not a clear and present danger—at least, not to our institute.

We stand ready to serve on a Joint National Emergency Inter-Agency Advisory Committee on this subject.

N. SEQUITUR, Director
Infantofelinepodia Task Force
The Cerberus Head Institute
New York

THE BRIDGE TO WARSAW

To the Editor: Thomas Atkins's realistic blueprint for "Rebuilding the Bridge to Poland" (*The Reporter*, February 25) may soon advance from drawing board to constructive implementation. A fresh start in U.S.-Polish economic relations appears more imminent with the recent announcement that Stefan Jedrychowski, chairman of the State Planning Commission, will soon meet with American officials in Washington.

STANISLAUS J. MARKIEWICZ
Brooklyn

OPUS FOCUS

To the Editor: In "Franco's Foes Stop Hoping" (*The Reporter*, February 25), Claire Sterling gives a completely distorted picture of what Opus Dei is. Opus Dei is a Catholic association with exclusively spiritual aims. The association itself has no political or economic theories. The members are free as individuals to believe and engage themselves in any political party, social theory, or cultural organization in which Catholics may belong.

If there are members of Opus Dei in the Spanish government, there are also Catholics in the government of the United States. Does it mean that all Catholics in this country agree with those Catholics in our government? Does it mean that they are following a Catholic line?

There are some corporate activities undertaken by Opus Dei as an association. These are educational and cultural and open to all regardless of creed or color. These are well known in the countries in which they operate. In this country there are student residences, cultural centers, and conference centers.

WILLIAM J. GILLIGAN
Chicago

LATIN LABOR

To the Editor: Although the Christian syndicalist organization CLASC described by Gladys Delmas in "Latin Labor's Alarming Christians" (*The Reporter*, February 25) does not represent a significant numerical force, its ideological message finds enthusiastic support among the Latin-American

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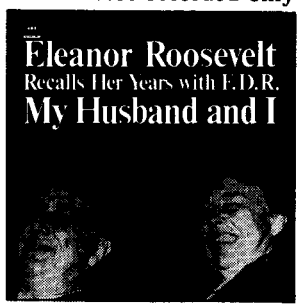

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working class. To understand why CLASC's future is auspicious and why it echoes the Communist Party line on U. S. imperialism need further clarification.

By ignoring or denying the existence of U.S. imperialism in Latin America, CLASC would limit its appeal to those groups already oriented toward ORIT and ORIT's most important member, the AFL-CIO. While the social and economic gains of the AFL-CIO offer strong arguments for labor-management co-operation, its enemies have distorted the accomplishments of the AFL-CIO to the Latin-American working class in the following manner: Through massive exploitation of Latin America, U.S. capitalists have accumulated sufficient surplus wealth to provide the American worker with a comfortable income. Consequently, the AFL-CIO appears to be an imperialistic collaborator in the rape of Latin America instead of a union worthy of emulation.

ORIT and its member unions, which are oriented toward collective bargaining, had greatly expanded during the last decade, but with the overthrow of several social-democratic governments and the inability of Latin America's sluggish economies to cope with the population explosion, a large part of the working class has rejected ORIT's methods and accepted the myth about the AFL-CIO. It is therefore not surprising that CLASC isolates itself from forces which seem destined to fail under prevailing circumstances. The presence of a Christian syndicalist organization competing with the Communists for the support of revolutionary labor groups is not as alarming to me as the growth of the revolutionary working class which fosters organizations such as CLASC.

GORDON PACKARD, JR.
Department of History
University of Arizona
Tucson

PROMOTING A 'BULLDOZER'

To the Editor: The review of my book, *The Federal Bulldozer*, by William Nash and Chester Hartman, in your February 25, 1965, issue contains a factual error. Your reviewers state, "These . . . conclusions were put into the hands of key government officials, private individuals, and organizations at the author's own expense. . . ."

Actually, the entire expense of the advance distribution of the book was paid for by the M.I.T. Press, *not* me. Rather than promoting the book by the conventional channels of paid advertising and direct mail, the publisher decided that a large advance distribution of the book would be the most effective means of promoting it. The only other promotion done by the M.I.T. Press was one small ad in the New York *Times* Book Section.

MARTIN ANDERSON
Assistant Professor of Finance
Columbia University

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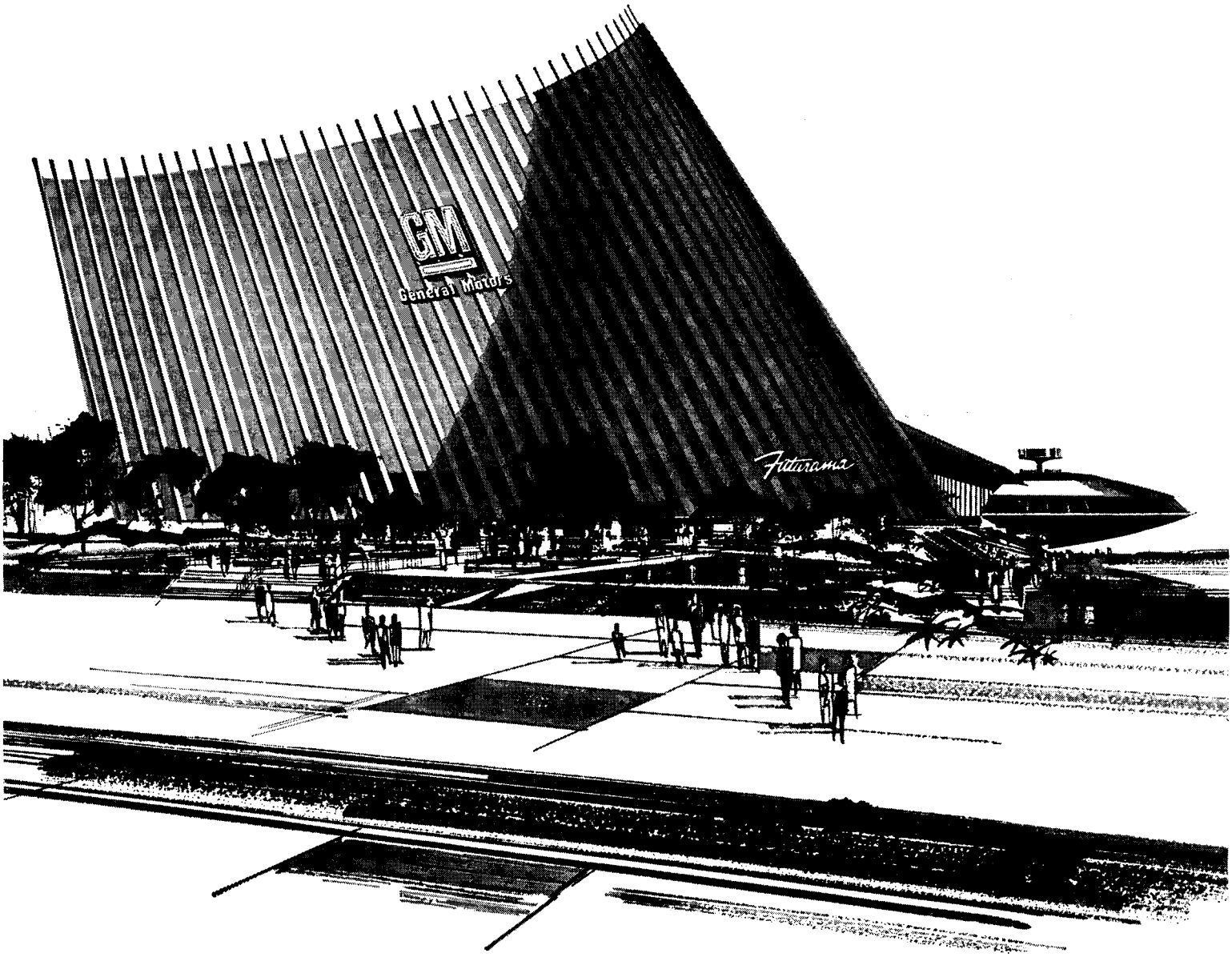

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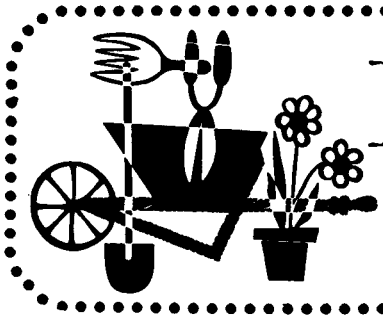

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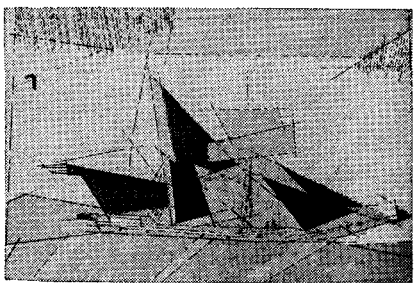

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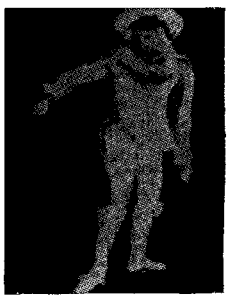

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

James J. Reeb

During the years he lived in Washington, the Reverend James J. Reeb served as chaplain and adviser to several groups of teen-agers. Here, some of them offer their recollections of the Unitarian Universalist minister who was fatally beaten in Selma, Alabama.

What kind of relationship did they have with Jim Reeb?

"I've been thinking about the first time when we were on a retreat in Dunbrack and some of us were horsing around and decided to climb to the top of one of the fire towers. He climbed up too, and after that time it became sort of a tradition that the group would go up there and sit up all night. We'd have a worship service or sometimes we'd just talk. One time a ranger found us and told us to 'get the hell down.'"

●

"One day on one of the retreats he stretched out on the floor of the porch and fell asleep. So the kids went around and got a lot of empty whiskey bottles and put them all around him and took his picture. We showed it to him, and he thought it was pretty funny."

●

"My first reaction was, I'd rather it had been me than him."

What kind of man was Jim Reeb?

"The main thing that always impressed me was his involvement in things. He was not one of these people you could call smug in any sense of the word. And he wasn't trying to advertise his commitment."

●

"He tried to get a small group of us to go down to the neighborhood council and work on housing and work with the people. He was always saying, 'Why do you postpone being active? There are projects right under your noses here in the North. There are kids living twenty blocks away from you in unbelievable poverty.' He got people looking around."

●

"Before he left for Boston we had a farewell picnic for him at Rock Creek Park. Jim came late and we all played volleyball for a while and then we were climbing trees and then we sang. He said he wanted to tell us why he was leaving and going to do the Boston project. He said he was going to work on what he believed in and he hoped that we would go on with our work too. He said that if we did we would really be going with him."

What kind of advice did Jim Reeb give to the members of his group?

"When we were only in the tenth grade our group picketed Lansburgh's Department Store. He was very cautious about getting parents' approval about taking part and wrote a note to show our parents to tell them why he thought it would be O.K. for us to be doing it. He talked about the purpose with us at the drop of a hat. He said we had responsibility as people."

●

"The things he stressed most were being an individual and not being afraid to do anything."

Educational Politics

James B. Donovan, president of New York City's school board, is not a man to take criticism. "The truth is," he said, speaking of the extraordinary way in which the school board had turned on its superintendent, "that Calvin Gross brought this on himself."

The news that Gross had been asked to resign came as a complete surprise to most of the public. Two

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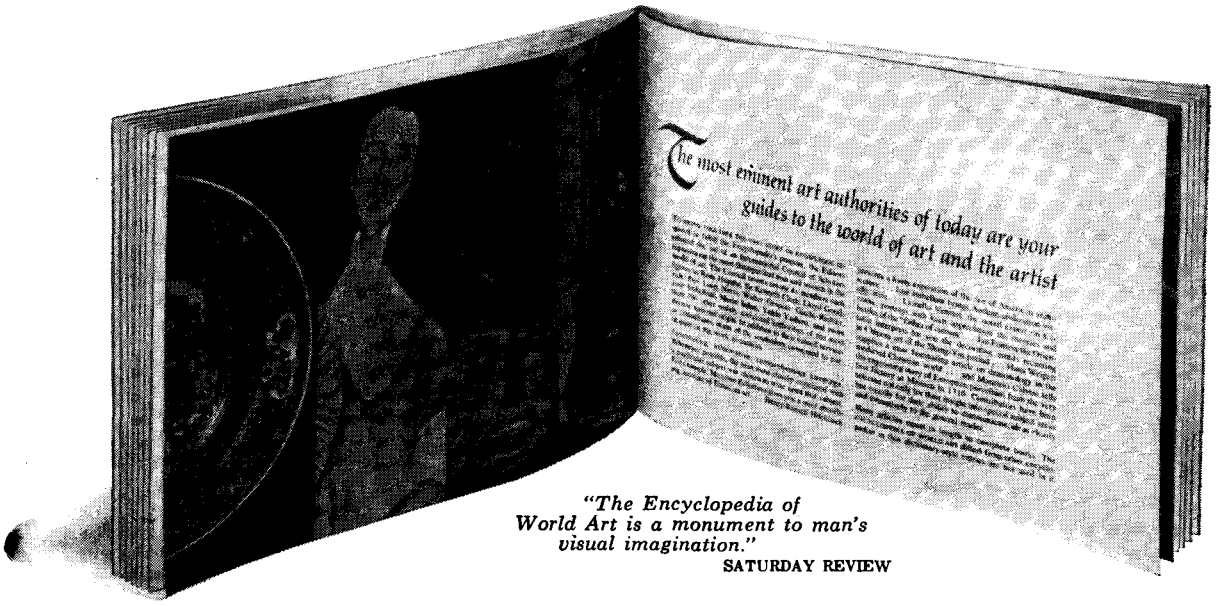

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years earlier, when he took on the city's most difficult job, he came with the highest recommendations. His record as superintendent of schools in Pittsburgh had won unreserved praise. Francis Keppel, the United States Commissioner of Education, was first among many who gave him strong endorsement, and a few months after he had taken office, there were further accolades —Gross appeared on the covers of both *Time* and *Newsweek*. Indeed, he made such a good first impression that when several civil-rights groups demanded his resignation toward the end of 1963, they were easily dismissed as "ridiculous" by Board President Donovan.

This time, however, it was different. On March 3, the morning papers broke the story that the school board had secretly asked Gross to resign a week earlier. The decision had been unanimous, and the board members gave their reasons—off the record—to the press. The main one was that Gross had done little in his two years. They asserted that he had delayed in submitting an integration plan, that he had not moved to decentralize the school system, and that he had left positions vacant that should have been filled. But if the public's confidence in Gross had been rudely jolted, the prestige of the school board was not increased.

THE DETAILS of how the story broke were certainly confusing. One member said in talking to the press that he "had sworn on a stack of Bibles not to talk about this." The *Herald Tribune* claimed flatly that it had been "leaked" by the Board of Education, and in its account used the word ten times. The *Times* claimed just as flatly that the first reports came "from sources outside the city school system."

A week later, Donovan was ready to offer the opinion that it was a "miracle" the story held as long as it did. He pointed out that besides the nine members of the board who were in on the secret, the state commissioner of education had to know, the mayor had to know, and the comptroller had to know. He mentioned the close friendship that one of the board members had with the uncle of a *Times* reporter, and he repeated the story that Gross himself had let the cat out of the bag by telling his secretary. "Whether it was the tom-tom system or what, I don't know," Donovan said.

Donovan's own position, of course, was impeccable. He denied that he had talked to the press until after they had the story. He said they were all on to it when a *Daily News* man questioned Gross in front of other reporters. He told how *he* had handled the situation when the same *Daily News* man had called him earlier: "I said, 'It's improper for you to even ask me such a question. I think you should ask Gross.' "

Mr. Donovan doesn't think it's "quite fair" that the board was made to appear to have acted "so brutally or so ungracefully." "No one," he said, "could deplore the way it was handled more than we do." But "If I had to do it all over again," he opined, "I wouldn't know what else to do."

It should be noted that firing the superintendent is not considered one of the uncommon duties of a school board. President Donovan spoke of the delicacy and tact that he had used in asking Gross for his resignation. No reflections on his abilities as an educator were made, he said, and no time limit was set. The board then sat back and waited for Gross to make his statement. The board waited, in other words, for the man it considered inadequate to acknowledge his inadequacy.

It seems rather curious now that one of the complaints an unnamed school-board member listed against Gross was that his handling of controversial matters caused undue unrest. Curious because the board's own handling of what it considered an uncontroversial matter raised such an outcry among school superintendents and educational authorities all over the United States.

No Vacancy

When the President's message on housing was sent to Capitol Hill recently, we searched it in vain for any reference to a particularly dire situation on the housing front and one which seems to us to qualify its victim for relief under any legislation that purports to deal with "displacement" and "substandard" quarters. We are thinking of Vice-President Hubert H. Humphrey, whose quest for a place on the Hill to hang his hat and his seal of office began before he took his oath on January 20, and ended not long ago in a split-level compromise. True, places have finally been found for the Vice-President and his staff—it's only that they are two different places. But we are getting ahead of our story.

Theoretically speaking, the problem of office space should not have arisen at all. When a new east front was added to the Capitol late in the 1950's, a suite of offices was specifically set aside for the Vice-President. When Lyndon B. Johnson was Vice-President, however, he was persuaded to relinquish the suite, since he was still holding onto the very considerable space he had occupied as Senate majority leader. Thereupon, the Vice-Presidential quarters were remodeled and turned into cozy little "hideaways" for Senators Richard B. Russell, John L. McClellan, Leverett Saltonstall, and John O. Pastore—perhaps the least evictable group of legislators in town. When Johnson went to the White House in 1963, the process continued: Majority Leader Mike Mansfield took possession of the Johnson "Taj Mahal," a domed chamber just off the public reception rooms. The Senate's president pro tempore, Carl Hayden, inherited Johnson's reception room, and other ranking senators divided up a third suite of rooms that had come available.

HUBERT HUMPHREY may or may not be a gambling man, but he is certainly a man who knows the ways of the Senate; the odds on getting a group of such distinguished squatters off his property were pretty clear to him from the beginning. Thus he took decisive (but ill-fated) action to appropriate another part of the building. Last December, in a lightning coup, Humphrey's staff managed to occupy the spacious hearing room of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy. Within twenty-four hours,

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One For The Road

One thing you have to say right away about the 3,000-mile Inter-American Highway: nobody ever calls it Sixth Avenue.

Stretching all the way from Laredo to Panama City, it's a road on which you're likely to start out with a tiger in your tank and wind up with an iguana in your ignition.

Changing Panorama

In the course of its lengthy journey (covering seven middle-American countries) it is everything from super-highway to country road. And just as varied in nature are the peoples and scenery to be found along its route and byways.

It is these fascinating variations that NBC viewers will be exploring next Tuesday night, March 23 (10-11 PM EST) by way of the NBC News color special, "Inter-American Highway: Bridge of the Americas."

The idea for constructing such a highway began taking shape almost four decades ago. But it wasn't until two years ago—when the last bridges were erected across the swollen jungle rivers of Costa Rica—that it became possible for a standard truck or sedan to make the entire trip in all seasons.

Producer-writer Lou Hazam's special—narrated by Frank McGee—will permit viewers to make that same journey in the easiest possible manner. But, for Hazam's NBC News crew (headed by director Ray Marsh, photographer Dexter Alley and researcher Huston Simmons) it wasn't all tequila and skittles. Among the hazards they ran into: uncertain precipices on which they had to perch themselves and their equipment to shoot the most spectacular vistas; hostile Indian tribes to whom a TV camera was as remote a concept as pinochle; and flying ash from Costa Rica's Irazu Volcano, which was no more hospitable than those Indians.

The documentary's exciting camera work will encompass such features as a fishing expedition on Lake Nicaragua (home of the world's only land-locked, fresh-water sharks); a tour of Honduras' rarely-seen Mayan ruins at Copan; a Little League game in Costa Rica; religious rites in Chichicastenango (a sequence directed by NBC's Tom Priestley); and an unusual look at the Panama Canal area. (Still lying in the mud there are the barges abandoned by French engineers at the turn of the century after seven cruel, disease-racked years had made the Canal seem like a nightmarish impossibility.)

This "Inter-American Highway" along which the NBC viewer will be travelling Tuesday night stretches through Mexico, Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica and Panama.

Coupling the Continents

In time, it is hoped, the road will be a link in a much longer *Pan-American* Highway carrying commercial and passenger traffic all the way from Alaska through South America. (One good turnpike deserves another.) Completion of such a project would undoubtedly mean an even stronger rapport among the peoples of the two Americas. Indeed, one can even envision a day when *the* restaurant for gourmets to go to in Rio de Janeiro will be the one where all the Alaskan truck drivers eat.

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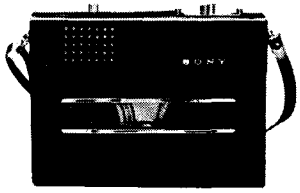

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however, the move was repulsed. On orders from someone, Humphrey's furniture was summarily tossed out and the locks on the hearing-room doors were changed. Equally helpless and even more disappointed than the Vice-President was his Secret Service security detail, which had hoped to settle in a room on the Capitol's fourth floor that could only be reached by one special elevator.

Humphrey made a tactical retreat. He and his staff determined to hold onto what they had, such as it was, namely the two-room majority Whip's office in the Capitol. With great deliberation, the silver-handled emblematic bullwhip was pulled off the Whip's office wall, and on the morning of January 20 the seal of the Vice-President was nailed over the rather unsightly hole in the plaster. As was to be expected, a good deal more than plaster broke loose. "I've got his job, so why shouldn't I have his office?" complained the newly elected Democratic Senate Whip, Russell Long.

By this time a beleaguered and somewhat unhinged Vice-President was out hunting and negotiating again. Humphrey agents spoke menacingly of written compacts requiring the cession of the "Taj Mahal" to him, but Mansfield, operating from another three-room suite, refused to give up his summer palace. If there is a hero in any of this—and we are not sure there is—it could be Senator Hayden. Since Hayden was able to retreat gracefully to his vast Appropriations Committee territories on the Capitol's first floor, he eventually turned over one of his other appropriations to Humphrey's staff: the "Taj Mahal's" reception room.

At the present time, Humphrey himself is working out of the Vice-President's old ceremonial office located directly behind the Republican side of the Chamber. He is separated from his staff by fifty feet of public corridors. When he buzzes this most outer of outer offices, his aides come sprinting down the hall, let the tourists fall where they may.

"I wish . . . ," Hubert Humphrey said wistfully the other day, "I wish I were a senator again."

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Back Home

RELUCTANTLY and with the heaviest reservations, I have to admit that Senator Fulbright and Secretary Udall have a point when they advise would-be tourists to travel within the continental boundaries of the United States, thereby doing their bit to stem the outflow of gold. My inclinations, based on recent experience, are of a personal and perhaps professional nature: a political analyst who spends some weeks abroad and wants to keep up with American events in the foreign press and the desiccated European editions of the two New York papers exposes himself to a disconcerting outflow of bile.

The main news and comments concern, of course, Vietnam, although in Europe and North Africa one can still read and hear acrimonious denunciations of the discriminatory inhumanity exhibited by American fliers and Belgian paratroopers during their mercy mission in Stanleyville. These opinions, however, are to be found mostly in left-wing Arab circles.

On the American role in the Vietnamese conflict, the bitterest criticisms rebound abroad from some of our most ponderous, over-respectable papers—the New York *Times* at the head. There is no reason, one reads, for our soldiers being in that desolated section of the Asian mainland, no matter whether as advisers or as participants in the battle. One also reads day in and day out in several languages that any further delay in starting negotiations aimed at the withdrawal of our soldiers is an unconscionable disregard of the cause of world peace and of our national interests.

If American editorial writers normally sedate to the point of dullness feel so strongly about a public issue as to turn shrill, this is to be welcomed as an evidence of a hitherto well-guarded passionate temper; and when these shrill, passionate outbursts of authoritative papers are duly transcribed by foreign publications as representing prevailing American opinion, this is to be taken with due forbearance as a normal fact of country-to-country communication. Such are the hazards of freedom. English is a rather well-known language, and our papers are not printed with invisible ink.

COMPLICATIONS arise when the President himself is made the prime target of attack. Again, there is no crime, moral or legal, in criticizing the President, in accusing him of almost hysterical secretiveness, as has been done by a number of writers. The President has called some of those harsh indictments down on himself because of his oversensitivity about what others write or say about him. As if it were not enough to have made himself into the overwhelming doer he is, he would like to control all the Lyndon Johnsons that live in other people's minds.

Yet it must be added that in the case of the hardest task he has had to face, the Vietnam war, he has been remorselessly punished for not having said things that some men wanted him to say. He has been accused, for instance, of having brought the country deeper into an undeclared, unexplained war. But when have we had a declared war from the time Communism started its tentacular, polycentric conquest of the world? And what is there to be explained about a war which, even if settled by our concession of defeat, the enemy would pursue by conquering, first, Malaysia, and then on to Indonesia, the Philippines, Taiwan, Japan, and Australia?

The result of all these complaints about the undeclared, unexplained war has been singularly harmful in Europe. Mr. Johnson's political talent is not well suited to the notion foreigners have of an American leader, even allowing for an extra margin of Americanness. His overwhelming victory over Goldwater made him somewhat more popular with the Europeans, who are by tradition nonvoting, nonregistered members of the Democratic Party. John F. Kennedy, particularly after his death, came to be considered as the most western, humanistic-minded of American Presidents. Only a few days ago, one of the most sober, perceptive writers of that most sober paper, *Le Monde*, put it plainly: under President Johnson our reputation has suffered greatly.

On what facts can such a charge be made? Isn't it enough for Lyndon Johnson to have taken up the defense of the West in the most difficult, unrewarding sector, unaided by our country's allies, harassed by carping criticism from some of our most eminent men? He is not any longer answering the enemy by counterattacking after each provocation. He is not paralyzed by the fear of "escalation," that new shibboleth, for he is not carried along but going, by his own deliberate decision, one step at a time from the proxy enemy to the real one, knowing the risk.

True, he could tell us something more, not about the war we are in but what it will entail for us and for all the people on our side. True, by being less sensitive to criticism, or by learning to live with his natural awkwardness, he could bring his tumultuous energies under a more restrained discipline. He could become less adept in the cultivation of incomprehension between himself and the domestic and foreign press. I think he will.

AT PRESENT, with the domestic obfuscation of issues reflected abroad, the going is rough for one who finds himself in faraway countries. In fact, it is good to be home.

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Can the Job Corps Do the Job?

BARBARA CARTER

THE SCREEN showed a pleasant camp in the California mountains, a light snow on the ground, the slender trees bare. "This could be the kind of break you've been looking for," a voice said encouragingly as the filmstrip about the Job Corps began. It was being shown, on February 4, in the offices of New York City's Anti-Poverty Operations Board, to mark the start of the Job Corps recruitment campaign in New York. Gathered to see it were representatives from boys' clubs and settlement houses; from neighborhood associations that operate with a mixture of city, Federal, and sometimes private funds, like Mobilization for Youth, the pilot project on the lower East Side, and HARYOU-ACT, the anti-poverty agency for Harlem; and from JOIN, the city's placement agency for dropouts. Each representative would be given a kit, with a copy of the filmstrip and other recruitment materials in it, to take along when he left.

That so many local agencies would be involved in a Federal recruitment drive is just one aspect of the complex relationships now evolving under the omnibus Economic Opportunity Act passed last year. For that act involves not one but several Federal departments, and not one but ten poverty programs ranging from jobs to education, covering children as well as adults, and aimed at rural as well as urban communities. To be effective, however, the Federal agencies must depend on the local communities, and it is precisely because New York City is the most complicated to deal with that Washington considers it the key to the war on poverty. As one Federal official put it, rather wearily, "If we can solve our problems there, we can solve them anywhere." That there are bizarre gaps in the city-Federal relationship became apparent as soon as the Job Corps recruitment campaign began.

The Job Corps, it should be noted at the outset, is somewhat misnamed, for the youths who spend a year or so in its training camps are by no means assured of jobs when they leave. But the young men at the camps will learn job skills. The filmstrip presented at the February 4 meeting, of course, showed them doing just that—working with power tools, doing forestry work, examining data-processing equipment—and more besides. It showed food—dinner trays piled high (three biscuits along the side) and breakfast trays as generously laden. ("What'll we have for breakfast this morning?" the voice asked in a cheerful, hand-rubbing way. "French toast? Bacon and eggs? Go on, help yourself. There's more where that came from.") It showed money—a close-up of the dollar bills placed in an outstretched hand for daily spending money, the mother at her mailbox examining her monthly check. And it showed fun—the swimming hole, the ball game, the weekend trip to town. The filmstrip was aimed specifically at the school dropout, aged sixteen through twenty-one, who

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couldn't find or hold a job. "Even if you've had a bad time in school, *they're* not going to drop you out," the voice explained. "It's up to you. If you want the Job Corps, the Job Corps wants you."

AFTER THE SHOWING, there were worried questions about how strict the qualifications might be. Although the standards were purposely vague, they were not high—a youth merely had to be out of school three months, to be capable of learning (but not too capable), and to have a background of poverty. Would a kid with a record be turned down? Not necessarily, was the answer. Minor offenses such as stealing a bike wouldn't matter; crimes of violence probably would. When it was mentioned that Washington was thinking of a camp solely for Job Corps rejectees, there was applause. "I think we can go about recruiting with peaceful minds, provided we're very honest with people," Helen Harris told the meeting. Miss Harris, head of United Neighborhood Houses, chairman of the city's recruitment drive for the Job Corps, and vice-chairman of JOIN's advisory committee, has sometimes been called New York's Queen of Poverty by those in awe of her standing. "When we ask people to fill out the cards," she continued, "we want to say honestly, 'It may take ninety days.' "

She urged those at the meeting to stress the alternatives available: getting into Manpower Development and Training Act (MDTA) programs, going back to school, or getting one of the Neighborhood Youth Corps jobs, newly created local jobs in city government and social agencies subsidized by the Federal government. (Since the Youth Corps does mean jobs, many confuse it with the Job Corps, which doesn't.) There would be about a dozen screening centers scattered throughout the city, Miss Harris explained, and "If your person wants to get into the Youth Corps while waiting for the Job Corps, send him to the screening center." Although she was worried about the scarcity of openings available in the Job Corps ("a serious dilemma"), she urged the group to begin recruiting right away. The point that it was important to impress Congress with the response to the Job Corps was not overlooked.

In December, when it was reported that New York City's "slot" in the Job Corps would allow for only 850 in the beginning—or 1.1 per cent of the 77,000 dropouts roaming the city streets—Washington quickly denied that it was setting "quotas" quite so firmly. At the meeting, only nationwide figures were used. William F. Haddad, who had been sent up from Washington to help get the ball rolling by Sargent Shriver's Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO), the agency in charge of the Job Corps, was reassuring. "We're not going to lose kids," he said.

Despite the persuasiveness of the presentation, many of those who attended the New York meeting went away with doubts. The following day Paul Slater, director of the job center at Mobilization for Youth, which will act as the Job Corps' screening center for Manhattan's lower East Side, expressed concern over the enthusiasm shown by the man sitting behind him. "He wanted to send his kids to Mobilization right away," Slater said. "I told him he'd better call first." It would take weeks before Mobilization would be ready to act as a clearinghouse for youths beyond its own area, and besides, he needed more specific information. "Haddad was very general," he said. "But what do we tell the youngsters? That at some point they'll be going in? Is it really ninety days? We have to know what's possible, what's realistic. It's a sensitive area, and kids don't sit tight. They're not pawns in the game. When we tell them there's a waiting period, they'll say, 'O.K. So what else is new?' "

"We're scared to death of this," Frank Arricale, deputy director of JOIN, said bluntly. Arricale, too, had attended the meeting, and JOIN's six main offices in the city would also be screening centers. "We don't need recruiting for the Job Corps," Arricale went on. "We already have the kids. We don't even do recruiting for JOIN. We don't dare to. We can't handle them." JOIN's staff of 281 for a citywide operation is considerably smaller than Mobilization's 425 for a limited area on the lower East Side.

Pink and Blue Postcards

Along with the posters and filmstrip in the recruitment kits distributed at the meeting were postcards addressed to the Job Corps in Washington; no stamp needed, of course. "I am interested in the Job Corps," they read, leaving space for name, address, phone number, age, and sex. Most of the cards are blue and white, though some, for girls, are pink. ("If you run out of postcards," the meeting was told, "don't let that hold you up. Send the names in on anything. The back of a paper bag will do.")

But what happens to the cards when they arrive in Washington? First, they are shunted off to Virginia to be processed through a computer that compiles lists of names and addresses by states and areas. Each week, the 1,700 screening centers throughout the country will get a list of those who have applied from their area. What happens then? "From time to time," according to an Office of Economic Opportunity handbook, the Job Corps will indicate "how many eligible youths should be screened." For each recruit accepted, the screening center will be reimbursed about eighty dollars. There are several tests involved, a rather lengthy interview, a physical exam to be arranged, and a parent's or guardian's signature to be obtained. The results are sent back to the Job Corps in Washington, and there "screened" again. When the Job Corps accepts a youth, the local agency is notified and a travel-reimbursement voucher is sent. At this point, the OEO suggests, an "enrollment ceremony," properly publi-

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cized, would be appropriate. Afterward, a less-publicized ceremony quickly takes place—the administration of the loyalty oath—and away the recruit goes.

National recruitment for the Job Corps began in January, with nationwide radio and TV, newspaper, and magazine coverage. Materials were to be placed, according to an OEO handbook, in "theatres, dance halls, bowling alleys, subways and busses, stores, churches, and clubs." Even billboards were brought into play. For, besides wanting to prove to Congress that an impressive number of young people are willing and eager to go to training camps, the Job Corps hoped to reach the kind of dropouts who generally don't apply to youth agencies or employment services. Eighty-eight thousand postcards poured into Washington in the first month, and in February they were beginning to arrive at the rate of ten thousand a day.

It looked then as if there would be a million and a half postcards by the end of June, but now it seems 250,000 is more likely, since the rate has dropped to ten thousand a week. By June, however, the Job Corps will have room for only 20,000—the usual estimate given—although one deputy director put it as low as 7,000 to 10,000. In any case, the camps are not expected to hold more than 40,000 by the end of the year. Thus, most of those who apply expecting only a ninety-day wait are probably going to be disappointed.

Is anyone responsible for the ones who don't get in? Washington seems to be of three minds about it. On the one hand, the OEO screening guide suggests that no one is. The screening agencies are asked merely to keep the names for four months and to "advise" the Job Corps of the number not contacted, giving the reason why. The reason may be as simple as "no more screenings necessary"—that is, the local "order" for the Job Corps was already filled. "This information can be simply in quantitative form," the OEO cautions the screening agencies; "the uncontacted names themselves needn't be sent in."

On the other hand, the guide makes it clear that "The Corps expects that the screener will advise such youths about other youth employment facilities that may be available," adding, "further instructions about this will be communicated. . . ." But it remains to be seen whether the screening agencies, in many cases run by the state employment service, will feel it worth their while to set up interviews at their own expense for all the names coming in on the weekly lists after Job Corps "orders" have been filled.

Finally, the form letter that goes from Shriver's office to everyone who sends in a card ("We are glad to learn of your interest") seems to suggest that it's up to the youths themselves to find their own alternatives. "While you are waiting," it says blandly, having explained that it will take "a few months" for enough centers to be ready, "ask your employment office, boys' club, settlement house, or county agent . . . about other job possibilities."

"My title is Program Coordinator," said the Job Corps' Edward Wynne. "No, really," he added, and promptly succumbed to pleasant but helpless laughter. He quickly turned serious, however, when asked what alternatives would be offered those who sign up for the Job Corps. "In some areas," he replied, "there *are* no viable alternatives. There's not enough employment, there are not enough employment programs. What proportion will be helped or not will have to be decided by local programs or by Congress." He explained that the Job Corps did not have a lot of authority ("We're not paying for these other things") and that "It's usually the local community's responsibility anyway." Jack Howard, the head of the Labor Department's Neighborhood Youth Corps, expressed the same opinion. "We fully expect the dropouts who don't get in the Job Corps to be considered by their own community," he said, pointing out that the Labor Department was relying on the state employment services to provide the co-ordination.

Co-ordinating the Co-ordinators

The assumption that co-ordination will take place on the local level is rather flattering of Washington, considering how difficult it has been for the government to co-ordinate its own programs under the Economic Opportunity Act. The bitterness engendered by the struggle between the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, the Labor Department, and Shriver's new Office of Economic Opportunity over who would administer what part of it has not yet disappeared, even though the matter has been settled, with Shriver's OEO being put in over-all charge and being made directly responsible for several specific programs. These include, besides the Job Corps and VISTA (the domestic peace corps), the most important part of the act, the Community Action Programs, a catchall title for whatever broad-based anti-poverty programs the local communities may initiate. Labor got the Neighborhood Youth Corps, and the Department of Health, Education and

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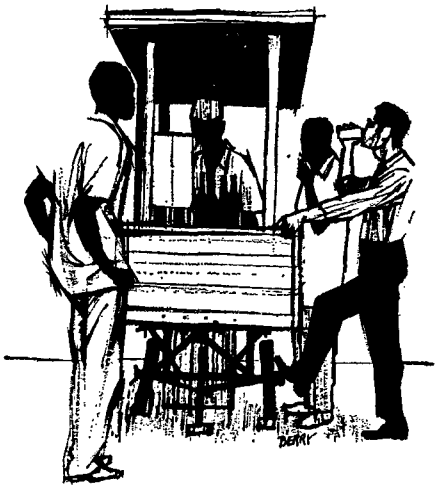
Welfare was assigned sections relating to higher education and training for fathers who are on welfare. Although the act does contain a section about co-ordinating the anti-poverty programs, suspicion and mistrust between the departments are still more noticeable than the spirit of co-operation.

In the halls of Labor, for example, Shriver's recruitment drive for the Job Corps is termed "unconscionable" and "more cynical than anything else that's been done"; and the dedication of the "fair-haired boy's" staff, which has a reputation for working far into the night, is not altogether praised. Similarly, the Labor Department's programs are freely questioned in the OEO. "I'm not sold on the Youth Corps," one OEO man said. "It's supposed to involve large numbers, but is it a good thing? If there is no commitment to continuing public works, it might do more harm than good."

Not only is co-ordination difficult between these separate and fiercely independent departments, it is not even easy between sections within the same department. "I don't know the people in VISTA and the Job Corps," said one man connected with OEO's Community Action Programs. "Each one is operating like a different agency." "An administrative monstrosity," said a Labor man of the OEO, while one of his colleagues, attempting to sketch Labor's setup under the poverty programs, started off neatly enough with a box labeled "Manpower Administration," from which hung four smaller boxes, labeled BAT, OMAT, BES, and NYC (standing, respectively, for the Bureau of Apprenticeship and Training, the Office of Manpower, Automation and Training, the Bureau of Employment Security, and the Neighborhood Youth Corps), from which, in turn, hung a cramped list of activities. He finally ran out of paper and patience in drawing an angry octopus that grew out of one of the Bureau of Employment Security activities. Its body was labeled YOC, for the new Youth Opportunity Centers, the screening agencies to be run by state employment services, and its tentacles stretched to the Neighborhood Youth Corps and beyond the Labor Department to Shriver's OEO, reaching down to VISTA and the Job Corps and, after circling the Community Action Programs, stretched out to more than a hundred cities for one phase of action and to half that number for another. Labor, in fact, is now considering a major reorganization of its agencies.

WASHINGTON'S own experience, then, does not justify its rather easy assumption that co-ordination will take place at the local level. Just how generous an assumption it is becomes most evident when applied to a city like New York. For, as one Washington official connected with the poverty program put it bluntly, "New York City is a mess."

"It's a ball of wax," said another, speaking of the city's Poverty Council, which had finally shown signs of



shedding its "politics as usual" aspect by including not only city officials but representatives of private agencies as well. "Who knows how long it will hold together?"

New York, however, was supposed to have a head start over other cities. Mayor Wagner, after all, had declared his own war on poverty ("We must sound the trumpet. . . . We must indeed serve as the advance guard") back in January, 1964, seven months before the Economic Opportunity Act was passed. A poverty council composed of city department heads had already been set up—but what effectiveness it had became apparent this January with the announcement that it had been "reactivated."

The operating arm of the council is the Anti-Poverty Operations Board, and through it the poverty programs needing Federal funds are to be processed and sent to Washington. But the lines to Washington have never been precise. Obviously, there has to be local centralization, for Washington could hardly deal with the hundreds and hundreds of private and public agencies that might descend on it. Yet Washington does not altogether discourage end runs around the Poverty Board. A group from the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn, for example, complained to Jack Conway, deputy director of the OEO, that they would never be able to get anything out of the Poverty Board. "Have you tried?" Conway asked. "No point in trying," they replied. "Well, try, and if you don't have any luck, come back to me."

The confusion surrounding the Federal-city relations has produced some rather odd careers. "There goes the bumblebee," one city program director said as a woman brushed by him on the way to the elevator. "The bumblebee?" "Yes, a consultant. Washington listens to her because she's supposed to have an in with the people in New York, and New York listens to her because she's supposed to have an in with the people in Washington. She buzzes. Back and forth. A bumblebee."

Slicing the Poverty Pie

But if the lines between New York and Washington are tangled and confused, at least they are more open than the lines between the city, with its Democratic mayor, and the state, with its Republican governor. "I personally disapprove," Mayor Wagner said on August 21, "of the interposition of the authority of the state governments in these undertakings. . . . Housing is a direct Federal-city program. Poverty should be, too. I do not see why the state governments need to be imposed as middlemen in these Federal aid programs. They merely slow up action. . . . "

But the states cannot be so easily ruled out. They do, after all, run the Youth Opportunity Centers, the octopus that ruined the Labor man's neat organizational chart. Moreover, the governors have a veto over the major programs of the Economic Opportunity Act, a provision written in at the last moment to satisfy the Southern states.

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City-state and city-Federal relations are complicated enough, but they are easily matched in New York by the local jockeying for position of the would-be powers in the city itself. Recently, Mrs. Anne Roberts, the executive director of the Anti-Poverty Operations Board, addressed the Women's City Club on the intricacies of her job. It is Mrs. Roberts's unhappy lot to deal with the entrenched local social agencies, many of which have their national headquarters in New York and their own direct lines to Washington, as well as the various city departments, with their pet programs and special rivalries—not to mention the neighborhood organizations, like Mobilization for Youth and HARYOU-ACT, with their own pipelines to Washington, as well as the clamorous new ones springing up—and on top of this the Puerto Rican Forum, representing not a neighborhood but an entire ethnic group scattered throughout the city. All have submitted programs to the board, calling for more funds than will be available for the entire state. It was no help when Mayor Wagner quickened their interest in poverty by estimating last March that the city's share of the Federal funds under the Economic Opportunity Act could go as high as $150 million in the first year. He was perhaps as much as $130 million off. The title of Mrs. Roberts's talk to the Women's City Club summed up her predicament: "Poverty Programs—Everyone Wants a Slice."

There has been talk of a job bank to be set up in New York City that would keep tabs, not only on jobs and on the Job Corps openings as they turn up, but also on the Labor Department's Manpower Development and Training Act programs available and the openings in the Neighborhood Youth Corps. These are listed, along with going back to school, as the major alternatives for those who don't get in the Job Corps. How meaningful are they?

Take the MDTA training programs. For the most part, these are institutional classes, often in vocational schools, offering training for skilled trades. To get in, an applicant has to pass a rather formidable aptitude test called the GATB (General Aptitude Test Battery). "That screens our kind of kids right out," said Frank Arricale of JOIN, and JOIN's "kind of kids"—the dropouts—are precisely the ones the Job Corps recruitment is aimed at. Indeed, JOIN's

report to the Poverty Council in October, toward the end of its first year of operations, was openly critical of those, especially in the Federal government, who expected "that JOIN youths would be effectively placed in MDTA training programs through the NYSES" (New York State Employment Service). Experience demonstrated, the report said, "that reliance on the very few training programs in existence under MDTA and the already overburdened job resources of NYSES would be inadequate for meeting the needs of JOIN youths. Experience also demonstrated that the NYSES training programs and job resources were not able to reach JOIN-type youths to any significant extent. . . . selection procedures used by NYSES made it impossible for the vast majority of JOIN youths to compete. . . . the requirements for jobs available through NYSES made it impossible for the non-skilled and low-skilled JOIN youths to successfully apply. . . ."

Recently JOIN has had some success with one facet of the MDTA programs—on-the-job training provided by actual employers. But JOIN's success has involved only a few hundred. JOIN has recently started an Operation Return to bring back those who have dropped out of its programs or who have quit or lost their jobs, and it even pays $5 a week to those who come in for counseling sessions—what Arricale called gloomily "the séance bit."

What about going back to school? "We haven't had much luck there," Arricale said. "Not much luck with the kids or with the schools." The schools didn't refuse outright, he explained; they merely threw up roadblocks. Of the more than nine thousand dropouts that JOIN handled during its first year, only about three hundred were persuaded to go back to school. How long they stayed is not known. What success Mobilization for Youth has had with getting dropouts to return is evident from its latest report to the Labor Department's Office of Manpower, Automation and Training: "The campaign to return to school makes sense for only a small minority of the population served in the work programs. The indiscriminate zeal of recent return-to-school movements has led, unfortunately, to the genesis of a new subclass of social failure: the two-time dropout."

What about the Neighborhood Youth Corps? This sounds, at first, like the most promising answer for those turned down by the Job Corps. "These jobs are not for the achievers," Jack Howard, head of the Youth Corps, said, "not for the kids with jobs but for the disadvantaged." They are designed to teach work habits, not trade skills—"showing up on time, learning how to dress, how to take supervision." Howard drew a line near the bottom of a sheet of paper, and wrote the word "POVERTY" below it. High up near the top of the paper, he wrote "TRAINING" and "EDUCATION." "We hope the Youth Corps jobs will bridge the gap," he said, "and bring the kids up from poverty where they can take advantage of training and education."

How MUCH of a bridge will the jobs be? In New York City, there will be 4,500 Youth Corps jobs available for school dropouts between now and August (and nine hundred part-time jobs for potential dropouts still in school), half the number the city originally asked for. At $1.25 an hour, they will pay between $37.50 and $43.75 for a thirty- to thirty-five-hour week. Jobs will last up to six months. Forty-four

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per cent of the jobs are in city agencies, twenty-eight per cent are sponsored by the Community Council of Greater New York, and the remaining twenty-eight per cent are divided between HARYOU (600), Mobilization (300), and Miss Harris's United Neighborhood Houses (350). Although the Youth Corps comes under a section of the Economic Opportunity Act labeled "Work-Training Programs," little training, as such, is provided. In most cases, seventy per cent of the funds must go into wages, and it is up to the sponsors to provide competent supervision and counseling for each enrollee. The enrollees, meanwhile, "will not be paid for the time spent while being counseled or receiving classroom instruction."

"Let's face it," said Mrs. Roberts. "They won't have enough time left over at the end of the day to expect them to study." Nor will they be attracted later, it might be added, by MDTA programs that pay a training wage of only $20 a week.

Mobilization for Youth has already had experience with a work-training program somewhat similar to the Youth Corps. The results are not easy to assess. Of 544 youths who entered the program between October, 1962, through December, 1963, staying for an average of four months, less than half went on to get jobs, only fifty-two moved up to on-the-job training, and the rest dropped out. But some of those who dropped out may have done so for a good reason such as going into the Army, while some of those who got jobs may have sold out cheap. "From what we've learned," Fred Lorber of Mobilization's research staff said, "we must build in more basic education, academic as well as occupational." "What impact the Neighborhood Youth Corps will have," said Paul Slater, Mobilization's job center director, "remains to be seen. We're building in so much others can't build in. Yet we're scrambling from day to day while time is racing on." Was he pessimistic? "You shouldn't be in this job unless you're willing to live with misery," he said. "For the city, this is a learning experience from the word 'go.' Hopefully, we'll learn. If in five years we can't say anything more intelligent than what we are saying now, then we can really be pessimistic."

It is too early to say, then, how much the Youth Corps jobs will mean to those who look to them as an alternative to the Job Corps. "This is just a drop in the bucket," said Mrs. Roberts. "The whole thrust," she continued, speaking of the Youth Corps and the city's plans for a Community Action Program, now nearing completion, "is to act as a catalyst for other programs. People are scared to death of failure, but we've got to have failures if we're going to do what we are supposed to do. We've got to start somewhere."

Recalcitrant New York

Just getting started, of course, is a problem in itself. On the day of the Job Corps kickoff meeting, the running battle between the city and the Labor Department on how many of the dozen screening centers in the city the State Employment Service would be allowed to run, and where they would be set up, was still going

on. Consequently, no contracts with any screening centers had been signed by the Job Corps; and though the weekly lists of names were just beginning to be mailed to the screening centers in the rest of the country, those for New York had been shunted aside in the mailing room to wait in a bag for nearly a month until some arrangement could be made. Now, according to Washington, they are being sent to the city's Anti-Poverty Operations Board, which in turn will distribute them to the screening agencies. And although "understandings," rather than contracts, have been reached with the screening agencies, the Job Corps is not happy with New York. "You know what they're doing to us," an OEO official complained indignantly the other day. "They're not making any great effort to get kids in. New York has had a miserable showing." Quite apart from that, the Bureau of Employment Security had decided that the computer system was too slow to fill the Job Corps' initial orders, and is riffling through its own folders to find eligible youths who had applied for jobs at state employment offices—so much for the postcard system.

As for the Neighborhood Youth Corps and Mrs. Roberts's painstaking work in choosing the most promising jobs among the many proposed, the agreement sent to Washington for final signing had run into an unexpected hitch. Just the day before the February 4 meeting, a terse note had arrived in Washington from Governor Rockefeller's office. "A review of the proposal is being undertaken and consideration will be given to your request for approval," was all it said. It was the first time a governor had not given immediate approval, and there the matter hung for nearly a month, until he waived his right to veto. It is interesting to note that when the program finally got under way, on March 4, one of the first "youthful prospects" to be quoted in the press said, "All I want is a job so I can keep going to school at night. I want to go to college and become a doctor." While this is certainly encouraging, it is not precisely representative of the "nonachiever" for whom the program is supposedly designed.

Meanwhile, willy-nilly, recruitment for the Job Corps goes on. It has been reported that "Opportunity Cards," as the blue-and-white and pink postcards are called, have been turning up in *college* placement bureaus. So zealous is the pace, in fact, that even a deputy director in Shriver's office, arriving home one evening after a hard day's work, discovered in his mailbox the large envelope of recruitment materials and an urgent appeal for help in the drive.

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Three Afro-Asian Fronts

I. Vietnam

DENIS WARNER

SAIGON

BY THE BEGINNING of February the restricted war in South Vietnam, with its inhibitions on the use of American power and its privileged sanctuaries for the Communist Vietcong, was all but lost. Lost not merely in the sense that a weak government in Saigon would one day want to negotiate a fictitious neutrality, but in the total sense of the word. Instead of the diplomatic niceties and face-saving protocol of the conference table conjured up by some congressmen and editorial writers on the basis of unrealistic and ill-informed accounts of the situation, what lay ahead for South Vietnam—and the United States—was bitter and disastrous defeat.

"The National Liberation Front counts on clear-cut victory over whatever U.S.-Saigon régime is in power at the time," wrote the Australian Communist journalist Wilfred Burchett from the National Liberation Front's headquarters in the jungle north and west of Saigon. "Pax Americana is unacceptable to the Vietcong."

Hanoi confirmed this hard line. In conversations with International Control Commission officials, the North Vietnamese leaders expressed no interest in the resumption of the Geneva Conference, or in any negotiations that did not include the prior exclusion of all American military advisers and equipment from South Vietnam.

Opinions differed in Saigon on how long final disaster might be averted. Some qualified observers spoke of a couple of months. The resilience of the Vietnamese people and the country's capacity to muddle along without effective government, or any government at all, convinced the more optimistic that things might just go on getting worse for a much longer time. But few, if any, doubted the inevitability of defeat if the war continued to be fought by Vietcong ground rules. Not all of the troubles were due to the Vietcong, of course. The generals had abandoned the battlefield for politics. In the interplay between military and government, the South Vietnamese administration, never very strong, simply withered away.

ON THE military front, there were, as always, some gains with the losses. In the southern regions of the populous Mekong Delta, long the region most heavily infested by the Vietcong, the government reported successes. Villages once securely in Vietcong control had passed more or less into government hands. But even here there was scarcely reason for jubilation. Of the six million inhabitants of the fifteen provinces in the southern corner of Vietnam, not more than a million could be regarded as on our side, and only 1,700 of the four thousand hamlets were anything like secure. Meanwhile in central Vietnam, which had been drained of its government forces to reinforce the delta, the deterioration had been shattering.

In February, 1964, the hard core of the Vietcong forces numbered, by official American estimate, about 22,000 men. Despite heavy combat losses, by the beginning of February of this year their regular forces had grown to an estimated 35,000. These men are organized under five regimental headquarters (three others are in the process of formation), and are deployed in some fifty battalions, 139 independent companies, and twenty-nine independent platoons.

With the active military assistance of perhaps a hundred thousand part-time guerrillas and regional forces and the co-operation of some half a million members or supporters of the National Liberation Front, the Vietcong now had a substantially larger mobile attacking force than the 600,000 military and paramilitary troops of the government. With their responsibility for keeping roads, railways, rivers, and canals open, and

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for ensuring that crops reached the markets, by far the larger portion of the government's forces were tied down.

Tactically, helicopters had added a new element of mobility and surprise to the government's family of weapons. With this new strength, however, there were also weaknesses. While the helicopters often contributed to the success of government sorties against the Vietcong, they also tended to give them the character of hunting parties, thus helping the Communists to identify themselves more closely with the peasants. The lesson has been slowly and painfully learned that there is no substitute for effective administration on the ground.

The Meaning of Pleiku

By December some inkling of the grave new turn in the war had become apparent when substantial Vietcong forces grouped to seize An Lao in Central Vietnam. In itself, the fall of An Lao was of little consequence. What did matter, however, was the capability implicit in the Vietcong action. Under the patient leadership of Major General Nguyen Don, who established his headquarters in the mountains of Kontum Province five years ago, the Vietcong had accumulated sufficient forces to attempt what the American Military Assistance Command had once believed impossible: to cut South Vietnam in two.

The attacks against the American installations at Pleiku and Qui Nhon, which led to the retaliatory raids north of the 17th parallel, were part of this plan. For weeks the Vietcong rehearsed the Pleiku attack. Few armies have ever given such attention to the planning of the most minute detail of comparatively small actions. From sand tables the Vietcong moved to full-scale mockups, leaving little to chance or luck—although by miscalculation or inexperience, many of their rounds of mortar fire at Pleiku fell short. But for this, the U.S. casualties would have been much heavier.

The real significance of the Pleiku and Qui Nhon actions was less the calculated selection of American targets than the *fait accompli* of partition. As government forces quickly discovered, the Vietcong had seized control of the Qui Nhon-Pleiku road, the strategic highway supplying the Second Corps headquarters and all of the northern part of the High Plateau. Under the rules by which the war had been fought, Pleiku, Kontum, Dak To, and other government positions in this part of the High Plateau were now untenable. It was a defeat as potentially disastrous for Saigon as the loss of the Thai country of Tonkin had been for the French eleven years before. The war, it was clear, was entering its final phase.

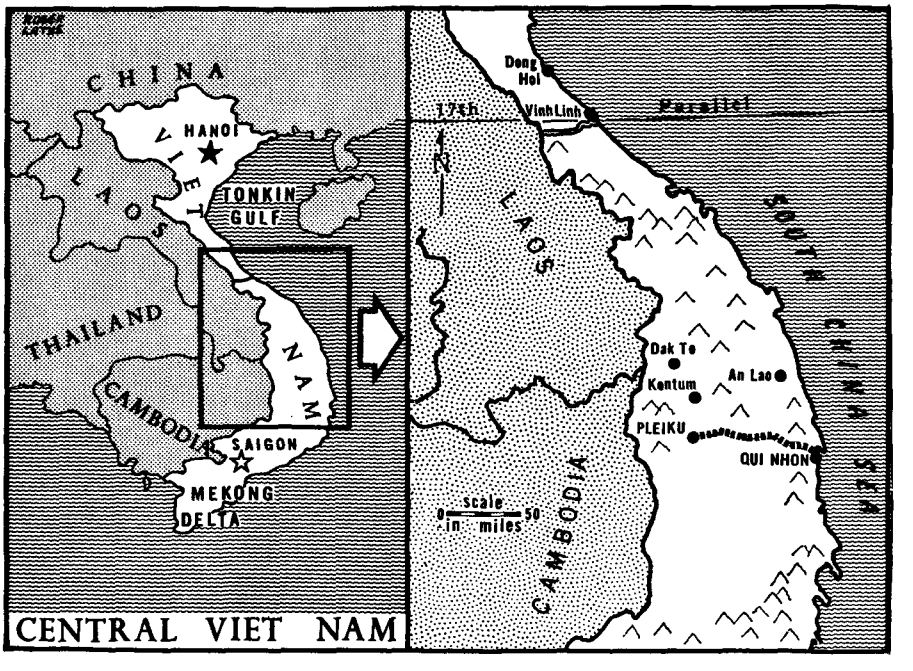
The days when the Vietcong depended on slingshots, homemade rifles, and even captured American equipment had long since passed. Hard-core units were receiving their own new Communist Bloc equipment. And tucked away in the middle of a long war communiqué was the news that the Vietcong had used artillery for the first time.

It was this change, and not just the question of retaliation against North Vietnam, that was the real challenge President Johnson faced on February 7. If ever there was to be a last chance to amend the rules of the war so as to fight back to a position where peace might one day be won at the conference table, this was it.

Ambassador Maxwell D. Taylor brought with him to Vietnam the realization inspired by the Cuban missile crisis of 1962 that if only the United States could convince Hanoi and Peking that it was in deadly earnest, that Southeast Asia was really worth the risk of a major war, then a way could be found to terminate North Vietnamese aid and to bring the Vietcong insurgency to an end. For the plan to work, there could not be an ounce of bluff.

Until February, however, the one deadly aspect of the whole scheme was Washington's indecision. The Tonkin Gulf affair last summer appears in retrospect as anything but a bold warning of the shape of things to come. Instead of drawing in its horns, Hanoi responded with a vastly increased volume of matériel and other aid to the Vietcong. Yet attempts by planes of the Seventh Fleet to close off the Ho Chi Minh Trail in the general region of Tchepone in Laos were low-key, irresolute, and unsuccessful. To the Vietcong, they were more of an irritant, and perhaps even a stimulant, than a hazard. As Hanoi and Peking evaluated the situation, the United States had bluffed in the Gulf of Tonkin, and its bluff had been effectively called. Nor were the Communists alone in this estimate. In other parts of Southeast Asia, friends, foes, and neutrals alike wondered whether Washington really meant business.

Here in Saigon, Washington's resolution is no longer seriously questioned. Whatever doubts remained were quickly taken care of by the introduction of American jet fighters



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in direct support of Vietnamese ground forces. The sensation of each new development now is truly that of being carried upwards on a rapidly moving escalator.

The message does not yet appear to have reached North Vietnam, however. As one senior U.S. official commented: "The great debate in the United States about whether we should cut and run, and the generals' three-ring political circus in Saigon, haven't helped to get the message across. Hanoi still thinks it's got it made down here." This opinion is confirmed by International Control Commission reports from Hanoi. The commission's observers have found nothing to indicate a willingness on the part of Ho Chi Minh and his followers to negotiate on terms that would require anything less than a U.S. capitulation.

Upping the Ante

American officials advance three reasons for the bombing attacks on the North: to persuade Hanoi to stop interfering in the South; to inspire some feeling among the South Vietnamese that there is real hope of winning the war; and, though graded a long way below the other reasons, to interrupt the southward flow of men and materials.

If the impact is not ultimately to be negative, bombing above the 17th parallel, and also direct American jet support in the South, must be continuous and effective. As part of a cautious phased program designed to test world reaction rather than to hurt North Vietnam, the first attacks against Dong Hoi and Vinh Linh no doubt served their purpose: but the destruction of thirty barracks and the sprinkling of some fields with a particularly nasty antipersonnel bomb known as the Lazy Dog, which showers razor-sharp pieces of steel in its target area, were not enough to promote radical changes in Hanoi. Elsewhere, the raids provoked predictable expressions of hostility and some reassuring support, not all of it expected. But they lacked the conviction of deadly earnestness that the United States must communicate if the new exercise is not to prove a failure.

North Vietnam has reconstructed its railway lines to China, and built its steel center at Thai Nguyen and cement mill at Haiphong, only by great economic sacrifices at a time when it has the lowest living standards in Southeast Asia. It must be made to understand that the price for continuing the war in the South will be the destruction not merely of barracks and bridges but what it has labored to achieve industrially.

In terms of the Peking-Hanoi concept of wars of national liberation and their impact on the United States, the stakes are so high that Ho Chi Minh may elect to suffer even this sort of disaster while he still has hopes of victory in South Vietnam. Those who know him best believe that he will want to avoid at all costs a situation in which Chinese Communist forces (as distinct from specialists) may come to his aid. But the doubt persists, and will continue to persist, unless and until it can also be shown that direct American air support in South Vietnam and any other measures the United States may decide on are successful. Failure will breed failure, and this is true on all the complex political, diplomatic, and military fronts that are involved in this crisis.

For this reason, the battle slowly unfolding in central Vietnam for the Qui Nhon-Pleiku road is without doubt the most important of the war. This is the proving ground for American air support of South Vietnamese forces pitted against a mobile Vietcong force that not only controls the jungle, and therefore has the initiative, but may well also prove to be numerically superior. Early combined actions along the highway, the scene of the bloodiest Vietminh ambush of the entire Indochina war, proved highly successful, as jet fighters drove off entrenched ambush forces. A government prisoner who escaped from the Vietcong during the bombing reported that he saw a hundred dead being carted off. It would be excessively optimistic, however, to expect this sort of casualty rate to continue. Targets will be more difficult to locate as the Vietcong becomes aware of the even greater need for camouflage and concealment, and experienced air officers are reluctant to predict the outcome.

What is at stake here is not merely a highway, or the security of the Second Corps headquarters at Pleiku, or even the control of the High Plateau, damaging though its loss would be: what is of absolutely critical importance is that the Vietcong be denied the opportunity to move into the Maoist phase of mobile warfare. If by the use of American air power they can be forced back to a lower level of guerrilla activity—which, though dangerous enough, lacks the means of delivering the massive blows on which their hopes for a purely military victory depend—then Hanoi may realize the futility of continuing an interminable war in which the rewards for continued struggle are the ashes of its own destruction.

II. French Africa

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

"MAO TSE-TUNG needs a lesson," André François-Poncet wrote in a recent article published on the front page of *Le Figaro*. "If he does not get it soon, tomorrow it will be too late to administer it to him. If we had taken action against *der Führer* when he first stepped out of line, perhaps he would not have dared go farther. Mao makes no secret of his plans. He wants to be the master of Asia and of Africa, of the yellow and of the black races. . . . Indochina is one of the obstacles in his path. If he can break it down, there will be no holding him. By blocking him, America is defending the cause of the free world, our cause, and we should give her our support."

Though both François-Poncet and *Le Figaro* often criticize Gaullist foreign policy from the Atlanticist point of view, the veteran French diplomat wrote this time with exceptional effectiveness. As French ambassador in Berlin during most of the 1930's,

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François-Poncet again and again warned his government in the same prophetic vein of Hitler's long-range ambitions. His discreet recall of these warnings—and of what happened when they were disregarded—touches a sore spot with old-time French nationalists, including the Gaullists. His provocative article in *Le Figaro* was cast in the form of a dialogue between two unnamed speakers, one of whom unmistakably reflects François-Poncet's own opinions, while the other voices the currently fashionable Gaullist irritation over President Johnson's Vietnam policy and approximates the statements of a high-level French government spokesman in briefing the domestic press. (François-Poncet includes as part of the dialogue that spokesman's warnings that if Mr. Johnson's "escalation" leads to war with the Communist powers, France will not be on our side as it was during the Cuban crisis.) While it would be wishful thinking to suggest that François-Poncet's sharp-edged, if oblique, attack on current French policy voices a majority attitude even in the anti-Gaullist ranks, the tone and content of his article do indicate a growing concern here both with Chinese expansionism and with President de Gaulle's strangely apathetic reaction to it. This attitude, even some Gaullists now admit privately, seems to be endangering French interests in several parts of the world, not to mention those of the general alliance on which the security of France still largely depends.

Warnings from Africa

The most striking evidence of Chinese interference with French national interests, and of apparent governmental failure to defend these interests, comes from former French colonial territories in black Africa. With the exception of Guinea and Mali—where Chinese influence is strong and enthusiasm over de Gaulle's China policy is said to be great—most of the new African states that came into being when de Gaulle decolonized France's African empire are still loyal partners of France. Several, notably Ivory Coast and Senegal, have small but highly educated elites that make them bastions of western civilization—and of French culture in particular—in the Dark Continent.

In recent months, the leaders of these relatively enlightened and pro-French African republics have repeatedly warned the French government that the Chinese Communist threat to their own countries was not merely economic and political but also military. President de Gaulle's policy of friendship with Peking, the Africans complained, was making it more difficult for them to meet the threat. The recently inaugurated Gaullist policy of progressively withdrawing the remaining French military forces from African soil, even when the government of a particular African state

welcomed their continued presence, was further encouraging the enemy, they said.

When nothing came of their confidential warnings or appeals, the French-speaking African leaders resorted to publicity. Last January Presidents Félix Houphouët-Boigny of Ivory Coast, Maurice Yaméogo of Upper Volta, Diori Hamani of Niger, and Philibert Tsiranana of Malagasy, discreetly supported by President Léopold Senghor of Senegal, gave a concerted series of speeches and press conferences on the peril of Chinese subversion. Most of the speakers stressed the example of Niger, where an abortive *coup d'état* last year led, according to Niger officials, to the discovery that Peking had been arming and training the opposition Sawaba Party, which had launched the coup. Captured documents and the interrogation of prisoners proved, it was said, that a number of the rebel cadres had been trained at a terrorist school in Nanking. Others had been trained at a similar school operated by the Algerian Army, with Chinese technical assistance, at Marnia in Algeria, or at a subversive base in Ghana maintained by the African Affairs Center, a co-ordinating committee for Pan-African revolutionaries. The rebels, said President Diori Hamani, had purchased their arms with funds deposited for them by Chinese agents in Brussels, Geneva, and Accra banks.

Murdering the Moderates

Commenting on the Niger coup, President Yaméogo of Upper Volta declared that it revealed a Chinese plan to "lay siege to all Africa." He was backed up by Houphouët-Boigny, hitherto one of the most "Gaullist" of African leaders. Houphouët-Boigny declared that documents taken from the Niger rebels indicated a systematic Chinese policy of training terrorists "to assassinate those who are aware of the Chinese peril and replacing them with servile leaders who would open the gates of Africa to the Chinese. Those who are pushing the Chinese toward Africa," he continued, "are pursuing a most unwise policy, for with the aid of our resources the Chinese will one day sweep away Europe like a mere straw."

The tendency of French officials in speaking to newspapermen has been to minimize, if not to wish away altogether, reports of Chinese subversion in West Africa. At the conference of African leaders held last month in Nouakchott, Mauretania, French influence behind the scenes, according to some French correspondents on the spot, blocked inclusion in the final communiqué of the strong paragraph on Chinese subversion originally drafted by Houphouët-Boigny and Tsiranana.

In the past few weeks, however, Gaullist complacency toward the Chinese threat to French interests in Africa and elsewhere has been given fresh shocks.

Some have come from China itself. There, President de Gaulle's efforts to establish a favored position for the French diplomatic mission in Peking are generally agreed to have fallen flat. And French intellectuals

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returning from recent semi-official visits have reported their consternation and alarm at an arrogant racism among Chinese artists and writers, reminiscent of that of the most fanatical Japanese army officers in the 1930's.

Further shocks for French Gaullists have come recently from Southeast Asia, where, among other signs of increasing Chinese aggressiveness, subversive infiltration in northeast Thailand, preparatory to the establishment of guerrilla bases there, has been noted in the French press. Even Prince Norodom Sihanouk of Cambodia, the chief hope of French official neutralism, has disappointingly aligned himself with Peking's position that American troops must be withdrawn from Vietnam before de Gaulle's proposed international conference can be called. "One must ask oneself," glumly admits the Gaullist *La Nation*, "whether the possibilities for negotiations are not blocked for a long time to come due to the hardening of the position of both sides." (In *La Nation's* editorial, Sihanouk's intransigent statement was balanced against the news of United States Marine reinforcements arriving in South Vietnam as evidence of editorial symmetry.)

Nearer to home, opposition editorialists have noted with indignation, and Gaullist ones with ill-concealed dismay, there are signs of increasing Chinese and African revolutionary influence in Algeria. An Afro-Asian economic seminar held at the end of February in Algiers as a kind of rehearsal for the main Afro-Asian Conference scheduled for June adopted a series of exceptionally violent resolutions, mainly sponsored by the Chinese delegates or their allies, calling for intensified military and other support to "national liberation forces" throughout the African continent.

The worst news, though, continues to flow in from the former French colonies in black Africa, where France still has vast political and economic interests at stake. Early this month, *Le Monde's* correspondent in Dakar reported an attempt to install a Communist *maquis* in eastern Senegal that had recently been discovered and liquidated by the Senegalese Army. Some of the guerrillas captured or killed in the clean-up are said to have been trained in Cuba, which now appears to be participating actively along with Algeria and Ghana in the Chinese offensive against western positions in West and Central Africa. (Che Guevara participated as an "observer" in the Algiers seminar and gave several violent speeches and press conferences.)

Above all, there was the murder in Brazzaville last month of three moderate and pro-French officials—the president of the supreme court, the attorney general, and the director of information—by terrorists belonging to the youth organization of the National Revolutionary Movement, the Republic of the Congo's only political party. According to earlier reports in the French press, the youth groups of the movement, and for that matter both the party itself and the government, had been infiltrated by Chinese agents. The murders were an alarming revelation of the stranglehold that the Chinese appear to have acquired on the political life of the country, confirming Houphouët-Boigny's thesis that the liquidation of pro-western leadership throughout black Africa is one of the priority aims of Chinese subversion.

President Diori Hamani of Niger drove the point home in a heart-to-heart talk with de Gaulle during a recent visit to Paris. "You in France only have to deal with very polite diplomats," the African leader told French newsmen as he left the Elysée. "It's the tough revolutionaries who get sent to us in Africa. The Brazzaville murders prove that we have not been successful in curbing their activity. Obviously, a drive is under way to eliminate everything French or in any way linked to France in Africa."

III. Tibet

GEORGE PATTERSON

In a period that has been called "the decade of the guerrilla," Red China, the master of this kind of warfare, has been suffering losses in an inadequately reported guerrilla campaign at the hands of poorly armed, illiterate tribesmen who have probably never even heard of Mao Tse-tung's primer *On Guerrilla Warfare*. The Khambas of mountainous eastern Tibet have been fighting since 1952. In the revolt of 1956-1959, they seriously embarrassed a 300,000-man Chinese army of occupation until they ran out of ammunition, and they are still a force to be reckoned with.

Guerrilla strategy, Mao wrote in the 1930's, must be based primarily on "alertness, mobility, and attack," and "must be adjusted to the enemy situation, the terrain, the existing lines of communication, the relative strengths, the weather, and the situation of the people."

Out of their own tradition of feuding and tribal warring and their practical experience as natural mountain fighters, the Khambas have arrived independently at many of Mao's conclusions. And what is more important, China, the occupying "colonial" power in Tibet, has been unable to cope successfully with the Khamba threat. To find out the facts about the Khamba resistance, I recently made a three-month journey to Nepal and Tibet to meet some of these guerrillas, investigate their potential, and go with them, if possible, on a raid against the Chinese Communist occupation forces in Tibet.

What is not fully appreciated in the West or even in India is that China actually fears for its position in Tibet—a fact that should not be overlooked in any consideration of aggresssive Chinese actions along the Sino-Indian border. It is particu-

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larly in those regions adjacent to the disputed McMahon Line and the North-East Frontier Agency in the Indian state of Assam that a mountainous terrain combines with the presence of the Khambas to make the Chinese position most vulnerable. And China believes that India, with the help of the West, will exploit that vulnerability by sending arms across the McMahon Line to the Khamba guerrillas.

THE KHAMBAS are organized in groups based on long-standing tribal, district, or local ties, and some are undoubtedly bandits. In 1959, just before the Dalai Lama was spectacularly removed from the midst of the fifty thousand Chinese troops guarding Lhasa and spirited to India, there were sixteen large groups of Khamba guerrillas operating south of the capital to cover his escape, twenty-three in the eastern regions of Tibet, and scores of smaller groups to harass the Chinese.

When a large operation is planned, units join forces for the one occasion, and then disband into smaller, more easily handled formations when the action is completed. These units are known collectively as Chu-zhi Kang-druk, or Four Rivers, Six Mountains, an ancient name for independent Tibet. They have links with the Tibetan underground in the cities, towns, and villages, known as the Mi-mang Tsong-du, or the People's Party, which is responsible for printing pamphlets, passing information to the Khambas, providing food and guides, and on occasion staging demonstrations.

When the Chinese Army moved into Tibet in 1950, it came in along the one main artery, the "road," or trail, from Chamdo, capital of Kham (the native province of the Khambas), to Lhasa, and down to Sikkim on the Indian border. From this it built the feeder roads needed to supply its growing number of garrisons along the Indian-Nepalese border. As long as they were still working on their roads and establishing a power base in Tibet, the Chinese treated the population with relative restraint. Then, toward the end of 1954, they cracked down. New taxes were levied and private property confiscated; landowners and lamas alike were assaulted and publicly humiliated, and executions took place. The Khambas fought back. In the vast mountainous country, the Chinese outposts were exposed to the fast-marauding, superbly fit guerrillas, who either blew them up or started landslides to cut them off.

In 1959, these tactics brought the Khambas considerable success and alarmed the Chinese authorities. Though it was not known at the time, more than five thousand *Chinese* troops, technicians, and civilians were arrested and imprisoned in Lhasa alone because of "unreliability" due to shortage of food and low morale among the occupying forces, civilian and military. The Chinese knew, even if the outside world did not, that if the Khambas had not run out of ammunition, the Tibetan revolt might have lasted much longer.

The Search

Today, almost the entire Khamba force in Tibet is still intact, except for about four thousand who either died or were imprisoned in 1959. It totals perhaps as many as 150,000 to 200,000 able-bodied fighting men. The majority of them have guns, although the shortage of ammunition remains acute. The shortest line of supply for the greatest number of Khambas is from Assam through the North-East Frontier Agency; the Khamba leaders had actually planned a supply route through Walong, one of the points where the Chinese troops attacked the Indian Army in 1962.

The Chinese have sealed off this possibility for the time being, although they still suspect India's intentions in Sikkim and Bhutan, where they cannot possibly patrol every pass. But it is from Nepal that the most serious threat to their occupation of Tibet could be launched. For in northern Nepal, where great numbers of Tibetan refugees have settled, there are some five thousand Khamba guerrillas.

It was these guerrillas that I set out to meet in March, 1964, in company with two British television colleagues. The Nepalese government put every obstacle it could in our way. Finally, however, we did manage to persuade it to permit us to take what appeared to be an innocent trip into the mountains. What it did not know was that we had already established that there were Khamba guerrillas operating not far from the "permit" area. In that remote part of the world, of course, "not far" is a decidedly relative term. It took us seventeen days to reach the valley that we had heard was the headquarters of one guerrilla group.

Here steep forested slopes and white peaks against a deep blue sky framed a long valley of ripening fields of corn, quartered by glittering irrigation canals. Small villages of square stone-walled houses stretched into the distance, and halfway up the valley was the monastery that dominated the lives of the people. Had it not been for a fortunate, if harrowing, experience, it is possible that we would never have met the Khamba guerrillas there, even with my knowledge of the Kham dialect of Tibet. I had had some training in medicine, and a few days after our arrival in the valley I was asked if I would treat a seriously ill Khamba friend of the headman of the largest village. I agreed.

The next day a tall, khaki-clad

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Khamba strode into the camp. I talked with him casually over the inevitable bowls of tea before he brought up the subject of his sick friend. It appeared that the friend had been caught in a blizzard on an exposed pass, had suffered frostbite, and had already lost three toes with gangrene. Putting together a medical pack, I left with the Khamba for the guerrilla hideout. There I performed the operation on the gangrened foot of his companion, removing the remaining two toes with a razor blade inserted into the end of a stick. When it was finished, I asked as a return favor if they would permit us to accompany them on their next raid against the Chinese Communists.

The Khamba leaders finally approved. It was left to Ten-dar, the local commander—the man who had originally come to our camp—to discuss the possibilities with us. He said that they had attacked a Chinese convoy only fifteen days before on a feeder road just south of the Aksai Chin-Lhasa Road, and had destroyed nine trucks out of fourteen, killing twenty-three Chinese soldiers. The Khambas had lost none, but in the retreat they had separated and one of them had got caught in a blizzard—the man I had just operated on. Ten-dar suggested that as they had struck at widely separated targets for the past few raids, so that the Chinese would be expecting this pattern to be followed, they should next strike quickly at a point near the previous one. This would provide the element of surprise and give us a measure of safety.

As was their custom, the Khambas left the actual date of the attack to the gods. This meant taking the matter to the priests in the monastery, offering special prayers, and finally, after a consultation with the high priest, fixing the time. This was given as June 6, and it was to last for a period of five to eight days. The practical details were then worked out by the Khambas. Twenty-three men were selected to take part in this raid, including the three of us, and we all would have to leave the valley without arousing suspicion or alerting local pro-Chinese spies. The arrangements were the responsibility of the civilian underground organization in Tibet, the Mi-mang Tsong-du, which would also post guards at all exits of the valley, prepare food, and supply guides.

The chosen target area was only three hours away from the nearest Chinese garrison to the north, which had an estimated hundred soldiers, and seven hours away from a larger garrison of three hundred to the south—from the Khamba hideout, a distance of some three days' normal travel over the Nepal-Tibet border. However, on this occasion the Khambas would be seriously hampered by the presence of three out-of-condition foreigners carrying loads of cameras and equipment. Instead of going quickly by the shortest up-and-over route—which included a pass 20,000 feet high—the Khambas elected to take a comparatively easy roundabout way.

The Raid

We took up our position just before dawn on the morning of June 9. When the sun rose we could see how effectively the Khambas had planned the ambush. The road from the north was clearly visible for over a mile, as it wound between a wide river and the steep sides of the mountain on which we were hidden. Just below us the valley narrowed to contain only the uncrossable river and the road between the sheer mountainsides, a distance of forty yards at most. As the road approached the gap, it bent right and left in a tight S-curve. The Khambas had placed themselves so that they looked directly across and down the centerline of the "S."

At 1:50 P.M. a convoy of four green three-ton military vehicles, each flying a red flag on its near-side mudguard, appeared on the road. The first of them had reached the top end of the centerline of the "S" when Ten-dar's shot rang out, the signal for the others to fire. The driver slumped at the wheel. In the rising fusillade the second and third trucks were also stopped in their tracks and the drivers killed. The fourth driver and the other Chinese soldiers leaped out and took cover under the trucks.

The Khambas were merciless. With rifles, hand grenades, and machine guns they kept up a withering fire until all the Chinese, except one who made a desperate run for the boulders beneath our ridge, were dead. The action had lasted less than half an hour. Three hours later, we were joined by a wounded Khamba who had come up by a different route. He reported that several hundred Chinese troops had arrived and were following us.

The raid for all its success was only a pinprick. Later, when we had managed to outrun our pursuers, I stood with Ten-dar on the summit of a high pass, looking back into Tibet as the sun rose. "If only we had sufficient guns," Ten-dar said, "and sufficient money to buy horses, we could make it impossible for the Chinese to remain in our country."

The five thousand Khambas in northern Nepal are much too strong for the Nepalese Army to remove. This was admitted to me by senior ministers in the Nepal government when I returned to Katmandu. These Khambas were being supplied with arms, some smuggled in overland and some dropped from the air. Naturally they would not identify the source of these supplies.

So far, China's policy of courting Nepal has served to keep the mounting number and success of the Khamba raids out of the news. The Nepalese government is desperately anxious that the strong presence and threat of the Khambas should not be a source of friction between the two countries. Should China decide at any time to heighten tension or apply pressure on the Nepalese by protesting about the presence and activities of these Khambas, Nepal would be in a precarious position.

In India the first tentative moves have already been made to make use of the services of the redoubtable Khambas. They and other Tibetan troops are being quietly recruited and trained in modern arms in northeast India. So far this has done little more than give the Khambas a boost in morale—for money, arms, and other equipment are still only on a scale sufficient to permit them to mount "nuisance" raids. But India's interest, when viewed in the light of its previous reluctance to be involved in Tibet, suggests that eventually a more important role may be found for the Khamba tribesmen.

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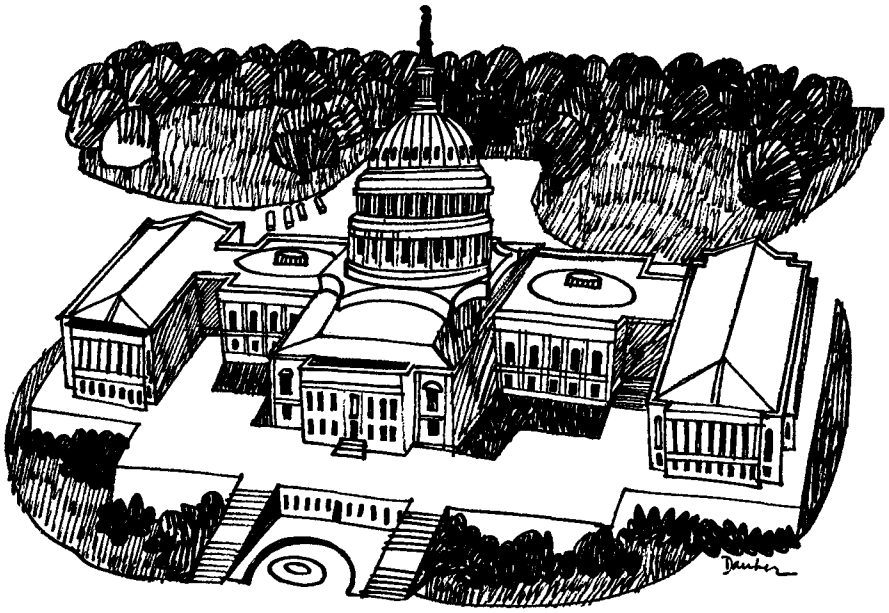

The Princefish Comes into His Own

LAURENCE M. STERN

THE STORY is told that Huey Long had a premonition of his assassination and confided his fears to a friend in Washington just a few weeks before his death. He believed that the heads of the big corporations he had taxed and hectored in his Share the Wealth program for Louisiana had finally decided to get him. "But it won't do them a damned bit of good," the Kingfish is reported to have said. "My son Russell is going to Washington and he's going to be a bigger man than I ever was."

It will be thirty years next September since Huey was killed. Today the Kingfish stands in the marble pantheon of the Capitol's Statuary Hall, his comic plumpness straining against his double-breasted period costume, a grin spreading across the pudgy bronze features that even sculpture could not render heroic.

Today Russell B. Long, who was sixteen when his father was assassinated and barely over the qualifying age of thirty when he came to the Senate, holds the second-ranking leadership position in the Senate as the assistant majority leader, or Whip. Above him is Majority Leader Mike Mansfield of Montana, a gentle and self-effacing man with no great appetite for power. Russell Long, once called the "Princefish" and the "baby of the Senate," has finally become a full-fledged politician in his own right.

At forty-six Long bears an amazing resemblance to the old photographs of Huey, who died at forty-two. There is the same chunkiness of build, the restless energy, the cornpone eloquence and the volcanic temperament that often seems on the verge of erupting. It is as though Huey's demon were still stirring, but mellowed by the passage of a full generation. "I don't consider myself another Huey Long," Russell said during his first campaign for the Senate in 1948. "Maybe I'm not as far to the Left as he was and I may be willing to take a little more time to reach the goals I am after than he was."

For most of his sixteen years in the Senate, Long has contented himself with playing minor parts. As a child and young man he fell under the dominating influence of his father and his mercurial uncle, Governor Earl Long, who once described himself as "half crazy and half intelligent." In the Senate, Russell lived in the shadow of such Southern eminences as the late Walter F. George of Georgia and Harry F. Byrd of Virginia, successive chairmen of the Senate Finance Committee on which he serves.

A Populist Heritage

As a senator from Louisiana, Long filibustered with Dixie's most leather-lunged orators against the perennial drive for cloture. As an oil-state politician (and part owner of the family-controlled Win-or-Lose Oil Company), he has been a staunch defender of the 27½ per cent depletion allowance and as little Federal regulation as possible. But Long also assimilated the fierce Populist convictions that Huey brought with him from the red-clay hills of Louisiana's back country, along with the belief in strong welfare guarantees for the disadvantaged. The late Senator Robert S. Kerr (D., Oklahoma) used to snort impatiently at what he called the "grandma" amendments Long would try to pile into Social Security legislation. Long now speaks of them unabashedly as "my grandma amendments."

It was the Populist streak that enabled Long to build political bridges to the Senate's liberal wing. He has crusaded with Democrats Paul Douglas of Illinois and the late Estes Kefauver of Tennessee against what he considers to be monopolistic abuses by big business. He has waged a personal campaign against the surrender of public rights to patents growing out of government-financed research. Pentagon research and development programs, Long insists, amount to a $12-billion-a-year "giveaway" because the public is denied a proprietary right in the discoveries flowing from research and development undertaken with public money. Periodically, Long convenes hearings of his Select Committee on Small Business as a running symposium for academic anti-monopolists. "There aren't any votes in this issue," Long insists. "It only insures that I have well-financed opponents."

During the 1962 communications-satellite filibuster, Long joined the band of dissidents who sought vainly

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to talk Telstar out of the sky on the basis that it would be nothing more than a giveaway to the American Telephone & Telegraph Company. At one point in the debate, Long astonished the gallery and evoked memories of his father's famous clowning on the Senate floor by singing an anti-monopolistic parody to the tune of "The Best Things in Life Are Free:"

You're listening to the people's star;
It's put here for you and me,
Don't tune in on that satellite—
It's owned by A.T.&T.

The insurgents could not build up enough harmony behind their cause to block enactment of the satellite bill, but Long's participation in the debate at the side of Douglas, Kefauver, and Wayne Morse (D., Oregon) enhanced his standing as an economic liberal who might be forgiven a few slips on the oily base of home-state politics. Whether by intention or not, Long was forging alliances that stretched from the Southern conservatives to the mavericks on the Left.

LONG'S particular interest among his Senate assignments has always been the Finance Committee. But the period of Kerr's heavy-handed dominance as ranking Democratic member was stultifying for Long, and his enthusiasm for committee work began to ebb. With Kerr's death early in 1963 there came a new opportunity: President Kennedy chose Long to manage the floor fight for the administration's $11.5-billion tax-reduction bill, since Chairman Byrd, the committee's ranking Democrat, opposed the tax cut.

Long gave one of the Senate's truly virtuoso performances, guiding the big tax measure through a flurry of amendments and past fierce opposition to Mr. Johnson's desk. Senator William Proxmire (D., Wisconsin), one of the bill's most virulent critics, paid his colleague this grudging tribute on the Senate floor: "Mr. President, if a man murdered a crippled, enfeebled orphan at high noon on the public square in the plain view of a thousand people, I am convinced after today's performance that if the Senator from Louisiana represented that guilty murderer, the jury would not only find the murderer innocent, they would award the defendant a million dollars on the grounds the victim provoked him."

Less than a year after that success, Long poured all his formidable energy into the campaign for Whip. Meticulously, he touched every possible power base from President Johnson to President George Meany. He even surrendered his own Senate desk, once occupied by his father, in order to nail down the vote of Olin Johnston (D., South Carolina). Johnston had coveted Long's desk because it was once used by another South Carolinian, John C. Calhoun. Even though Long voted against Medicare last year, he nonetheless kept it alive by standing firm for the Senate position in a conference meeting with the House. And he recruited Medicare's chief sponsor, Senator Clinton P. Anderson of New Mexico, to manage his campaign for the job of Whip.

"I was elected Whip," he insists, "by the best liberal in the Senate, Paul Douglas, and the best conservative, Harry Byrd." But he is also quick to acknowledge that he could not have hoped to win the leadership job if the Civil Rights Act, which he opposed, had not already been enacted.

"That Senator Long should seek the demanding and arduous job of Majority Whip," wrote Ralph McGill of the Atlanta *Constitution*, "in full knowledge of the national requirements of such leadership, is both interesting and revealing. It indicates for one thing that Senator Russell Long feels freed from the chains that have long bound many Southern members of the House and Senate to the race issue."

During the span of a few days recently, Long sat in at a meeting of the Southern caucus and also slipped away from the Capitol for a private luncheon with some of the nation's most heavily certified liberals. Discretion, everyone had agreed at the luncheon, would be the watchword. And by Capitol Hill standards the security was impressively tight. "All I can tell you," reported one of the participants, "is that he charmed the pants off them. But that will have to be off the record." When questioned about the session, Long said he had not been asked for any commitments but had promised Douglas he would try to get more young liberal Senators into key committee positions.

The Nationalization Process

The process of growing from a Louisiana senator into a legislative agent of the national administration is not without travail. "This thing of being the President's friend on the Hill isn't exactly easy," Long confesses. "LBJ understood the Senate and House like the back of his hand. But now he's spending more and more time listening to others—people in executive positions who don't have to face the test of public approval."

In the Eighty-eighth Congress, Long deserted the administration to vote with Barry Goldwater on the three issues that most sharply divided the two parties during the 1964 campaign—civil rights, Medicare, and the nuclear test-ban treaty. Since Goldwater carried Louisiana, Long had presumably taken an accurate reading of electoral sentiment back home. Because of his apostasy, his election as Whip was rankling to many Northern Democrats.

In the Great Society Congress there will be three new tests of Long's commitment to the national administration: voting rights, Medicare, and the President's big education bill. Long has avoided any firm advance indications of how he will vote. "If you let me draw a bill or amendment," he slyly allows, "I'm sure I'll draft one I can vote for."

Long has already declared himself, in principle, for a voting-rights bill in this session. In Louisiana the greatest growth in Negro voting registration occurred when his father and uncle were governors. But the question is whether he will be able to come to terms with the enforcement formula to be proposed by the President. Long's own formula may come as a surprise to some of his Senate supporters from the North.

"My approach," he told me, "would be to bring pressure on the states to let representative numbers of colored people vote. I think the line should be drawn at about fifty per cent of the white vote as the minimum for colored registration. If

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the ratio fell below that in an area where the number of eligible voters of both races was about equal, the state might be given a year to bring the Negro registration up. After that period had expired the President could appoint Federal registrars—I would favor postmasters—to register eligible Negroes."

Once Negroes turn out as much as fifty per cent of the white vote, Long believes, they can no longer be ignored by local politicians. "That's just what happened in my parish. The streets in the colored part of town were full of mudholes. But then, because of the substantial colored vote, the situation was corrected," he said.

Would he feel obligated to support the administration voting bill, even if he were to disagree with it, because of his role as Whip? "No," Long answered. "Nobody gets mad at you—as long as they've got plenty of other votes."

In Louisiana's period of racial crisis, Long has generally behaved with courage. In 1960, when a mob of two thousand youths, protesting a Federal court school-desegregation decree, roamed the streets of New Orleans, Long stood before the legislature in Baton Rouge and refused to join in denunciations of his old friend District Judge J. Skelly Wright. But in 1962, when Wright was up for appointment to the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals, the Justice Department passed him over on grounds that Long and Senator James O. Eastland (D., Mississippi) had objected.

During a tempestuous meeting of the Louisiana Democratic state central committee, Long tangled with the segregationist firebrand Leander Perez, who had accused President Kennedy of following Chinese Communist "agrarian reform" policies. "The people are getting tired of being called a Communist just because they don't agree with you!" Long roared, waving a fist under Perez's nose. "It's getting so it will be respectable to be called a Communist."

On Medicare, Long's differences with the administration could be more profound. He has advocated a "catastrophic illness" approach to national health insurance. It would pay out benefits only if medical costs exceeded a certain percentage of income. This would prevent a patient with a $100,000-a-year income from tapping the fund, while permitting the needy to receive benefits. It is an approach that has found appeal among some of Long's colleagues. If the administration's Medicare bill comes to the Senate in the same form it did last year, the Whip is prepared to oppose it.

Long's opposition to Federal aid to education has been on traditional Southern grounds. Federal aid, the argument goes, means Federal control—or less euphemistically, "forced integration." Some of those closest to Long on Capitol Hill think the passage of the Civil Rights Act has stripped this argument of even its political usefulness. There is a chance, they feel, that the changed climate on the Hill now that the civil-rights bill has become law could turn Long into a friend of Federal aid to education.

It was in Russell Long's own state during last year's campaign that President Johnson delivered his most stirring plea for the liberation of Southern politics from the issue of "Negro . . . Negro . . . Negro." As the representative in the Senate of a Southern President who is a master of national politics, Long realizes that if he is to strike out on Lyndon Johnson's path, he too must become a national politician. He is already embarked on his course.

Tales of The Vienna Hoods

GEORGE BAILEY

Vienna

At a memorial Mass for John F. Kennedy in a small church in Vienna last November, Franz Olah, until recently the "strong man" of the Austrian Socialist Party, met an American acquaintance. "Just think," he said, "hardly more than a year ago Kennedy was President of the United States, Khrushchev was premier of the Soviet Union, and I was minister of the interior of Austria."

The comparison was presumptuous, but in fact Franz Olah was more than just another Austrian Socialist minister of the interior, for he was perhaps the most powerful of the half dozen men who lead the Austrian Socialist Party. His spectacular expulsion from the party last fall was at once the greatest political scandal and the most damaging blow sustained by Austrian Socialists since the war. Indeed, Olah's personal disgrace may yet engulf the party and thus disrupt the country's political balance.

For twenty years now, the conservative People's Party and the Socialist Party of Austria have been deadlocked, like two stags with their antlers hopelessly entangled, in a coalition government. Each party has tried to shake loose and overpower the other, but the struggle has remained maddeningly equal. The People's Party has always held a slight electoral edge, with anywhere from one to ten more parliamentary seats. This has secured the chancellorship for the conservatives, while the Socialists have had to make do with a hold on the presidency and the vice-chancellorship. The edge was dulled when the 1959 elections reduced the conservatives to a one-seat majority and the Socialists managed to put Bruno Kreisky in as foreign minister. Thanks largely to the eloquent intransigence of Franz Olah in coalition negotiations, they kept him there even when election results in 1962 warranted the return of the foreign ministry to the People's Party.

The permanently hung coalition in Austria has resulted in the notorious *Proporz*—a system of division and duplication of powers and positions throughout the government—and a purely token political opposition in the form of the tiny Liberal

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Party, which currently has eight seats in parliament. The Liberals remain the potential partner for either party in a minor coalition, and the only alternative to the will-o'-the-wisp of absolute majority to break the deadlock.

A HIGH PERCENTAGE of Socialist Party leaders are members of the intelligensia who come directly into the top echelons from the outside. This is a point of chronic irritation to the rank and file because it is a constant reminder that the party of the proletariat has signally failed to produce its own elite. The top Socialists generally are not men of the people or popular leaders, but superfunctionaries.

Franz Olah was different. He was a political leader with a working-class background. The son of a craftsman, he apprenticed himself to a piano maker and joined the Free Union Youth Group at the age of fourteen. Two years later he became a member of the Socialist Group Organization, and by the age of nineteen he was a confidential agent of the party. Olah neither smoked nor drank nor coveted wealth; he was considered incorruptible. The little men of the party adored him, not least because Olah showed no deference to entrenched functionaries and never stinted in criticizing them openly. But Olah was also popular in many quarters outside the party: although always controversial and at times overbearing, he had an appealing contempt for red tape.

As president and favorite son of the Austrian Trade Union Federation (ATUF)—sixteen associated trade unions with one and a half million workers, including People's Party members, Socialists, Liberals, Communists, and independents—Olah possessed a compact yet highly diversified power base unrivaled in the country. Moreover, his years of experience in handling the various political groups within the ATUF made him a highly skilled liaison officer and negotiator. Olah's moral stature, too, was impressive: he spent more than seven years as a political prisoner of the Nazis and escaped from his last camp before it was liberated by the United States Army. A man of great physical courage, he was given much of the credit for foiling the attempted Communist putsch of 1950. He had organized members of his own Construction and Lumberworkers' Union into action squads and, leading them personally, proceeded to smash the platoons of Communist street fighters.

Above all, Olah was a devout Catholic and stood out among the Austrian Socialist leaders as passionately anti-Communist, a fact that western Allied officials found attractive and useful. Small wonder that he was hailed by many as the coming man in Austria. But he was obviously ambitious for political power, and some feared him as a potential demagogue, a kind of Socialist Dollfus or worse. Generally, Austrians do not like "strong men."

Olah was given the ministry of the interior in March, 1963, as an award for service to the party, particularly

in the recurring rounds of coalition negotiations. The appointment was not popular within the party leadership; Olah had long since attained notoriety among the top functionaries as a willful loner. In deciding for Olah, the five-member Politburo tried to weigh the benefit to be derived from his dynamism against the damage from the friction that dynamism was bound to cause. As the editor of the chief party organ admitted afterward, it was a calculated risk.

Olah immediately set about a radical reorganization of his ministry. In his first nine months on the job, he transferred thirty-six relatively important officials to obscurity. Most of them were in the state security police and most were members of the People's Party. The effect of these changes on Austrian police administration was calamitous. Moreover, Olah not only enraged the conservatives; he also provoked strong protests from prominent Socialists who were high up in the police force and who were concerned about the lowered morale of their subordinates.

The minister was not dismayed by this opposition; he only invited more. When the River and Lake Patrol police presented their chief, a major general, with a model patrol boat they had constructed, Olah made him give it back, claiming that the gift was improper. He took the same action when Josef Holaubek, the chief of the Vienna police and a ranking Socialist, was presented with a gold watch by King Saud for security service rendered while the king was undergoing medical treatment in Vienna. Yet at Christmas, 1963, Olah gratefully accepted from members of the diplomatic community a watch worth twice Saud's gift. He seemed to be using his own immaculate record as a certificate of exemption from the moral standards he so rigorously applied to others.

THEN, one night in January, 1964, Austrian television viewers were astonished to see Olah waving a sheaf of documents that he announced were part of secret derogatory police dossiers kept on his two Socialist predecessors in office, the late and much revered Oskar Helmer and the almost equally revered Josef Afritsch. Olah proceeded to commit a fateful blunder: in order to underscore the injustice done Helmer and Afritsch by political enemies on the force, Olah himself did them an even greater injustice by divulging part of the contents of the dossiers to the television audience. Shortly thereafter Afritsch bitterly denounced Olah at a party meeting.

This episode was seized upon by sections of the Austrian press to mount a frontal attack against Olah; he retaliated by confiscating issues of several papers. The more issues Olah confiscated as offensive to the gov-

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ernment, the more frequently the press attacked him. In the end, Olah confiscated more newspapers during his eighteen-month tenure than his two predecessors had in their combined tenure of seventeen years. Behind the scenes, he also used certain newspapers to vilify his enemies.

By this time the Socialist leadership was merely awaiting a suitable opportunity to get rid of Olah. It came at the end of last summer. In an interview published in the mildly conservative *Die Presse,* Olah leveled a blistering attack against Socialist leader and Vienna Police Chief Holaubek. This was a flagrant breach of party discipline and was treated as such. A party court of arbitration found Olah guilty of "cooperation with non-Socialist publications without advance permission" and delivered a strong admonition.

Meanwhile, Olah's followers were pouring into downtown Vienna by the thousands. They surrounded the building where the party representatives were deliberating whether a "strongly admonished" minister should be allowed to remain in office. Despite the threat of the growing mob outside, the representatives voted thirty-four to thirteen for Olah's recall. When the vote was announced, the crowd began to chant for Olah's immediate reinstatement and the ousting of various party leaders known to be his enemies. The workers turned off the city's power, and for an hour every streetcar in Vienna was immobilized. The specter of violence in the unheard-of form of civil war within the Socialist Party hovered over the city. Olah appeared on the street, and with his resignation in his hand he marched at the head of a small army to the Ballhaus Platz to take formal leave of the head of state. But he kept his followers in check during the long walk.

Lifting the Lid

In the hope of salvaging something from a rapidly deteriorating situation, the party appointed a three-member court of honor to investigate Olah's conduct. It only made matters worse. The report revealed that Olah's financial dealings had been under investigation for well over a year by a trade-union control commission. An accounting of the Austrian Trade Union Federation's "fraction fund," the operational account of the five political groupings within the federation which Olah had administered, disclosed that he had "singlehandedly" subsidized the Liberal Party in the amount of one million schillings (about $40,000) in the fall of 1962. (It later developed that the actual subsidy was four times greater.) This

disclosure virtually wrecked the Liberal Party and severely damaged the Socialist. It confirmed a long-standing suspicion that for years the Socialist Party had entertained the idea of forming a coalition with the tiny Liberal Party so as to exclude the conservatives from the government. It was an ad hoc Socialist-Liberal parliamentary coalition that two years ago voted to prevent the return of Archduke Otto—now plain Dr. Otto Habsburg—to Austria and so precipitated a governmental crisis that is still smoldering.

The next item turned up by the report was a loan of four million schillings from the "fraction fund" made by Olah in 1962 to the newspaper *Express,* ostensibly an independent publication but long suspected of being an undercover organ of the Socialist Party. The loan to the *Express* was accepted by the court of honor as a legitimate transaction. But the court noted that repayments to the ATUF from the paper were made only after a considerable delay, Olah having meanwhile arranged for the repayments to be made in cash to his personal secretary, who then deposited them in a special "emergency fund" at the Austrian National Bank. This caused a loss of 1,870,000 schillings in interest to the ATUF. According to the report, Olah bamboozled the Workers' Bank into crediting the repayments from the *Express* to the accounts of the ATUF without actually transferring the money. Olah finally repaid the ATUF in full, but without interest. The report of the court of honor posed more questions than it answered. How was the Workers' Bank able to keep so irregular a transaction from the attention of the authorities for so long a time? The answer is that the transaction took place "in the family": although the Austrian Socialist Party has succeeded in nationalizing almost everything in the country, the Workers' Bank is itself a private institution subject to government control.

As far as the investigators could make out, Olah used the money in the "emergency fund" to salvage the Omnia Commodities Company, Ltd., from bankruptcy and to assist the Atlanta Wood Commodities Company, Ltd. Both were private enterprises "to which Franz Olah stands in a certain as yet unclarified relationship." Apparently, through middlemen he had used these firms to purchase real estate in the Vienna Woods, some of it for resale to himself in his capacity as president of the ATUF at a profit of 900,000 schillings. A ban on construction in these sections of the woods was lifted from the properties purchased by Olah. On one plot he built a house for 1.5 million schillings. The land itself was comparatively cheap because there was no road leading to the property. After the purchase, the state built a road to Olah's front door.

GRAVER YET was the discovery that in the course of Olah's three-year tenure as president of the ATUF, "Very large amounts were evidently taken out of the fraction fund for temporary use and unknown purposes." These amounts were subsequently repaid to the fund—not by the original debtors but by unknown parties. At times more funds were in the accounts than there should have been. The court of honor concluded therefore, that the fraction fund was used as a bank account for funds and purposes that had nothing to do with the unions. It proved impossible to ascertain from which accounts the million-

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schilling loan to the Liberal Party had been withdrawn, and no records of any kind—not even regarding the fact that the money had indeed been paid—could be produced. The same was true of the loan to the *Express*. There were no records—only an undated handwritten note to cover the entire transaction. Nobody, not even Olah himself, knew or could find out how much money he had obtained from where and had given to whom for what.

In the internal party meetings that accompanied the hearings, Olah made dark hints that he could not afford to keep books because he had had to handle vast sums of money on behalf of "American sources." On another occasion he referred to six million schillings he had paid out for the purchase of arms in 1950, a time when Austria was in mortal dread of an armed Communist putsch backed by the Red Army. But what happened to the arms and who received the money for their sale and to whom were they sold? There are rumors current in Vienna that the Omnia and Atlanta firms were merely elaborate commercial covers for a large scale gun-running operation to the Near East, to Africa, or to Communist countries, involving weapons acquired by raids on American arms and munition depots in West Germany.

The investigators identified some 33 million schillings ($1.3 million) handed out by Olah over the years, and this was possibly only the tip of the iceberg.

Reports came in from party and union offices throughout the country concerning non-accountable sums that Olah had made available to local functionaries for the purchase of a television set here, a desk lamp there—usually requested items for which authorization had been denied. Apparently these favors were dispensed as part of an attempt by Olah to create a party within a party. Indeed, in the beginning of the investigation it did seem that the party was on the point of splitting into factions for and against Olah.

The 'Wild Member'

The crisis reached its peak shortly after Olah, on the basis of the findings of the court of honor, was stripped of all party functions and drummed out of membership.

On October 27, a mob of Olah's followers from the trade unions was prevented from doing bodily harm to an archenemy of Olah, the Socialist minister of justice Christian Broda, only by the presence of mind of two policemen and a journalist who whisked the badly shaken minister into the nearby Socialist Youth headquarters. Amidst the catcalls and jeering someone yelled "Broda is a dirty Jew!" "What?" asked a bystander. "Is Broda a Jew?" "No," was the answer, "but he soon will be!" The answer was wrong: it was their idol Olah who would soon be a Jew.

Olah refused to give up his seat in parliament on party request and stayed on as a so-called "wild member." In a series of press conferences and interviews with the non-Socialist press, Olah continued to attack the party leadership. He said that he had documentary evidence to prove the complicity of party leaders in the irregularities of which he was accused.

To many this claim did not seem farfetched, for in investigating Olah, the party was inevitably investigating itself and revealing no more than it felt obliged to reveal.

It was fairly common knowledge that before Olah's fall the party was divided on whether to desert the coalition with the People's Party and form the minor coalition with the Liberals.

Siding with Olah in this dispute were the two top Socialists—the leader of the party, Vice-Chancellor Bruno Pittermann, and Foreign Minister Bruno Kreisky. On the opposing side were the old-guard bourgeois Socialists who were content to accept the transformation of the workers' movement into a pillar of the coalition government. The Olah faction argued that as long as the grand coalition continued, the chances of a Socialist electoral victory decisive enough to turn the trick would be minimal. Since the Socialists would have a comparatively easy time of handling the Liberal Party, only a minor coalition could set the stage for the election of a Socialist chancellor. It was Olah's profound conviction that the only Socialist leader with the ability and stature to make a successful Socialist chancellor was himself. Kreisky was categorically disqualified because he is a Jew and Pittermann because he is Pittermann—probably the most unpopular major political figure in Austria.

WHATEVER the eventual outcome, Olah will never be chancellor. At his press conference on January 29 during which he gratuitously castigated one of his political enemies for having used an alias while in exile, there came to light something long known by a select few. Olah was born and christened Franz Ferdinand Glück, the son of a Jewish merchant. After the merchant died, the Widow Glück married a craftsman named Olah, who neglected to adopt his stepson and thus deprived him of the legal right to the family name. It was only in 1951 that Olah took the necessary legal steps to have his name changed. Whatever the reason, the Gestapo's failure to check Olah's birth certificate saved his life. As a *Mischling*, or half-Jew, his prospects of surviving seven and a quarter years in a Nazi concentration camp would have been nil. In today's Austria, where anti-Semitism is not a social problem (outside the proletarian base of the Socialist Party) but is still a crippling political handicap, Olah's prospects of becoming chancellor, even if he could live down the present accusations, are now likewise nil.

The most plausible explanation of the main motive force behind the downfall of Franz Olah is that Pittermann, alarmed by his rival's increasing power within the party, took advantage of Olah's vaulting ambition to use him in what Pittermann fully realized was a foredoomed attempt to buy into a minor

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coalition with the Liberal Party. For Pittermann, not only leadership of the party was at stake but also—and of vastly greater importance—the primacy of Marxist doctrine. In terms of practical policy, the doctrine translates into Pittermann's plan for the association of Austria's nationalized industries with their counterparts in the neighboring Communist satellite countries, particularly Czechoslovakia. The Marxist wing of the Socialists still doggedly promotes an economic *Anschluss* with the East and opposes Austria's becoming an associate member of the Common Market; Common Market membership is the main policy goal of the People's Party and constitutes, in turn, economic *Anschluss* with the West. Thus behind the antic aspects of the Olah affair lies the age-old Austrian search for political direction. «»

Our Population: The Statistics Explosion

BEN J. WATTENBERG with RICHARD M. SCAMMON

"In 6,200 years," a Congressional committee was told recently, "the present rate of world population growth would produce a mass of human flesh whose radius would be expanding as rapidly as the speed of light." The witness (an expert) then went on to say that in only eight hundred years there will be one person for every square foot of land surface in the United States if the present birth rate continues, and that we will have a billion people in the United States by 2050—just eighty-five years from now.

These figures and others like them have caused understandable anxiety about population and the "population explosion." We are asked: Where will it all end? Are we digging our national grave by producing bumper crops of babies who will eventually grow up to produce even larger crops of babies, all of whom may have to live and die standing up? Are we running out of land and resources? Is the population explosion our national cancer? Must we live in fear of it and in fear of the myriad problems that we imagine it causes?

Playing with Numbers

The term "population explosion" describes in two words something that can also be described in one: "growth." The question today is whether the growth is occurring with such phenomenal speed as to be destructive, shattering, uncontrollable—in short, explosive; or whether it is proceeding at a pace that is both natural and healthy for our society.

While there is surely cause for concern in other parts of the world, here in the United States "growth" seems a better word than "explosion." We can see this most clearly by having a fresh look at our American fertility rate, a more revealing index of population development than the birth rate, since it registers the number of babies born in proportion to the segment of the female population able to have babies. In 1935, at the depth of the depression, 77 babies were born per thousand American women of child-bearing age. By 1940 the rate had climbed to 80, and by 1945, as the war-baby harvest began to come in, it went up to 86. It was the year 1947, when the veterans started their families in earnest, that first shocked the population experts. That year the fertility rate shot up to 113. The rate then dipped slightly, but it soon climbed to 114. By 1955 it had gone to 118, and by 1957 to 123, a forty-year high.

With the rate at 123, students of population growth feared a people jam of monumental proportions. Their population figures for the world of the future were arrived at quite simply through a fascinating armchair game that might be called "I Project." The game is easy: the player takes two numbers, or maybe ten numbers, and then adds a third, or an eleventh, to continue the series. Thus, since the United States had a population of ninety million in 1910 and 180 million in 1960, the projectionist may say that our population doubles every fifty years and that we will have 360 million people in the year 2010 and almost a billion and a half by 2110.

But are these projections realistic? They might be considered so if the fertility rate of 123 had continued to climb after the year 1957, or even if it had remained constant. But in fact the trend is down: in 1958 and 1959 it dropped to 120; in 1960 to 118; in 1961 it was 117; in 1962 it fell further to 112; and in 1963 it was 108. The Public Health Service tells us that the 4,054,000 babies born in 1964 are the smallest annual total in the past ten years.

The Joker Clause

Now, if we choose to play the projection game here, we can say that American births will cease entirely within the next hundred or so years—that instead of facing a population explosion, we can brace ourselves for a population famine. The point of all this statistical byplay is this: the joker clause in all the population-explosion statistics is the one that says "*if* birth rates (or growth rates) remain at their current level." This proviso, in turn, usually manages to imply that the birth or growth rate is uncontrollable, or at best difficult to control without stringent insistence on the various birth-control procedures.

The fact, however, is that we *have* birth control, or at least something with quite similar effects: a national adjustment of the birth rate dependent on outside factors. In this country (and in many others) we are far past the point where we proliferate indiscriminately and destructively. In 1800, when we were an open land and wanted and needed more children, the fertility rate was around 275. In the depression year of 1936, it was at a low of 76. Today, in good times in a not so sparsely settled land, it is 108. But the noteworthy fact is that at no point did matters get out of hand. The national fertility rate, after all, is only a reflection of individual de-

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cisions and actions. It is not an immutable, fixed thing that goes on unchecked with no relation to the outside world. To suppose, then, that Americans today will continue to proliferate without restraint until they hardly have room to turn around just doesn't make sense.

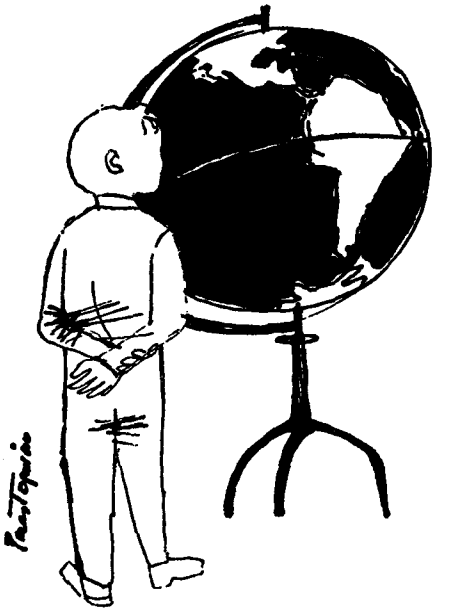
THIS "unrestrained proliferation" would appear even less likely in the future as a consensus of public feeling about family planning develops and as birth-control techniques improve. Furthermore, although there are those who feel that population growth is harmful, what has actually happened while our birth and fertility rates were rising? According to a Social Security bulletin, for example:

> An infant born in the United States today is more than twice as likely to survive his first birthday as a child born thirty years ago. The chances are that he will live ten years longer than if he had been born at the start of the great depression. Maternal deaths have declined from sixty-four per ten thousand in the early 1930's to less than four per ten thousand.
>
> . . . Out of every one thousand [children] entering the fifth grade in 1952, the number who stayed for high school graduation was more than twice as large as thirty years earlier. Today about thirty per cent of the high school graduates go on to college, compared with about one-eighth in the early 1930's.

These changes took place during a period of American life in which our birth rate was rising from its depression low through the highs of the 1950's.

Some people would suggest that these changes came about *despite* the increased birth rate; that they would have come in any event, perhaps even sooner, if the population had remained static or increased at a reduced rate. Others would claim that these things took place *because* of an increased birth rate. For example, the British economist Colin Clark argues: "Population limitation, whether or not it is good morals, is bad economics and bad politics."

Certainly, nobody would advocate an 1800-1810 rise in population of 36.4 per cent for the decades to come. But neither should we be terrified by continued American growth. Some of the problems we face today seem to be related to a population explosion but actually bear little relation to numbers. The urban slum appears overpopulated but often exists in an area that is losing people; unemployment is not specifically caused by population growth, since more people create more jobs as well as fill them. The neoned, billboarded suburban slums that line our highways are caused by faulty zoning, not by too many suburbanites.



As a matter of fact, despite all the talk of a "concrete America," there is more wide-open space in the nation today, with a population of nearly 194 million, than at any time since the closing of the frontier in the late nineteenth century. This is attributable largely to the continuing agricultural revolution in America. But regardless of cause, there is now more land categorized as "forest and woodland, not grazed" than there has been for many, many years. It must be remembered that during the 1950's, while the population was growing by 18.5 per cent, half of the American counties were losing population. These counties, largely in the farm areas, remain more "open" than before—while their former residents now live in cities or suburbs. In fact, close to half of the current population lives on just one per cent of the land area; by world standards, the United States is still considered a thinly populated nation.

In 1960 the Census Bureau computed our density per square mile at 50.5 persons, compared with 42.6 in 1950. Our present density is 54. By comparison, current figures show that Switzerland, a country known for its open scenic grandeur, has a density about seven times the U.S. rate (376), while the Netherlands (at 936) is more than seventeen times as densely populated.

IN SHORT, much of the population discussion in America today should not really concern itself with the total numbers the United States could support; indeed, we are frequently told that our food needs could be easily met by far fewer farmers than we have. Rather, the discussion might be most valuable if it turned on what would be the best, or "optimum," number of persons for our country. America could hold and support a population of one billion persons and still have a density of under 300—less by far than the current population density of West Germany (607), Japan (678), the United Kingdom (604), and Italy (436). The question is one of preference. Do we really *want* that many human beings in our country? We may well have the power to provide for them, but do we wish to do so? That is the real question of today's population dialogue, not the menace of a body for every square foot of land in the United States.

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Robert Penn Warren and Ralph Ellison

A Dialogue

In 1952, Ralph Ellison's novel *Invisible Man* was published. It is now a classic of our time, and has been translated into seven languages. The title has become a key phrase: the invisible man is the American Negro.

Ralph Ellison is not invisible, and he had done some thirty-eight years of living before the novel appeared; the rich and complex experience of those years underlies, too, his recent collection of essays, *Shadow and Act*. In the preface he says of his struggle to become a writer:

"I found the greatest difficulty for a Negro writer was the problem of revealing what he truly felt, rather than serving up what Negroes were supposed to feel and were encouraged to feel. And linked to this was the difficulty, based upon our long habit of deception and evasion, of depicting what really happened within our areas of American life, and putting down with honesty and without bowing to ideological expediencies the attitudes and values which give Negro American life its sense of wholeness and which render it bearable and human and, when measured by our own times, desirable."

We all know the difficulty of being honest about our feelings. But Ellison clearly means something more than that ordinary human difficulty —the difficulty of hitting the truth beyond what Negroes, as Negroes, are "supposed to feel," are "encouraged to feel." By whom? By the white world, of course—but also, as he has added, "by Negro 'spokesmen' and by sociologists, *black* and white." In other words, he is insisting on the difficult obligation of discovering and affirming the self, in the face of pressures from whatever source or side. He has notably succeeded in fulfilling that obligation.

Physically, Ralph Ellison is a man of force and grace, somewhat above medium height, with a well-fleshed figure not yet showing any of the slackness of middle age. He is light brown. His brow slopes back but is finely vaulted, an effect accentuated by the receding hairline. The skin of his face is unmarked by his fifty years, and the whole effect of his smoothly modeled face is one of calmness and control; his gestures have the same control, the same bal-

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From "Who Speaks for the Negro?", to be published by Random House.

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ance and calmness. The calmness has a history, I should imagine, a history of self-conquest and the hard lessons of sympathy learned through a burgeoning and forgiving imagination. Lurking in the calmness is, too, the impression of the possibility of a sudden nervous striking out, not totally mastered. There are those moments when he seems to withdraw; but the withdrawal is tempered by the flashes of sympathy and by humor, a wry humor sometimes directed at the self.

He speaks slowly, not quite in a drawl, and when he speaks on a matter of some weight he tends to move his head almost imperceptibly from side to side, or even moves his shoulders. He does this as he sits on a couch in his New York study high above the Hudson. I have just read a quotation from W. E. B. Du Bois, the eminent Negro historian, on what he regarded as the split in the psyche of the Negro American, the tension between the western white cultural tradition and "Negroness" as racial and cultural identity.

ELLISON: The idea that the Negro psyche is split is not as viable as it seems—although it might have been true of Dr. Du Bois personally. My problem is not whether I will accept or reject American values. It is, rather, how can I get into a position where I can have the maximum influence upon those values. There is also the matter, as you have pointed out, of those American ideals which were so fatefully put down on paper which I want to see made manifest.

WARREN: One sometimes encounters the Negro who says he regrets the possible long-range absorption of the Negro blood, and the possibility of the loss of Negro identity.

ELLISON: That's like wishing your father's father wasn't your grandfather. I don't fear "Negro" blood being absorbed, but I am afraid that the Negro American cultural expression might be absorbed and obliterated through lack of appreciation and through commercialization and banalization.

Anyway, I don't think the problem of blood absorption works so simply. There are principles of selection which have little to do with the status accorded to whiteness, and these assert themselves despite the absence of outside pressure. On the aesthetic level alone there are certain types you like, certain sensibilities, certain voices—a number of other qualities. Another factor is that Negroes, despite what some of our spokesmen say, do not dislike being Negro—no matter how inconvenient it frequently is. *I* like being a Negro.

WARREN: Then it's not merely suffering and deprivation, it's a challenge and enrichment?

ELLISON: Yes indeed—these complete the circle and make it human. And as I was telling the kids this morning at Rutgers, I have no desire to escape the struggle, because I'm just too interested in how it's going to work out. I want to help shape events and our general culture, not merely as a semi-outsider but as one who is in a position to have a responsible impact upon the American value system.

WARREN: Some Negroes—some leaders—say that there is no challenge or enrichment in the situation of Negroes. Of course, for them it may be a matter of strategy to insist on the total agony.

ELLISON: Perhaps I can talk this way because I'm not a leader. But there is a danger in this, nevertheless. The danger lies in overemphasizing the extent to which Negroes are alienated, and in overstressing

the extent to which the racial predicament imposes an agony upon the individual. For the Negro youth this emphasis can become an excuse and a blinder, leading to an avoidance of individual assertion. It can encourage him to ignore his personal talent in favor of reducing himself to a generalized definition of alienation and agony. Thus is accomplished what the entire history of repression and brutalization has failed to do: the individual reduces himself to a cipher. Ironically, some of those who yell loudest about alienation are doing it in some of the most conservative journals and newspapers and are very well paid for so yelling. Yet, obviously, the agony which they display has other than racial sources.

Actually, I doubt the existence of a "total" agony, for where personality is involved two plus two seldom equals four. But I agree that agony and alienation do form a valid source of appeal.

However, there's another aspect of reality which applies: the American Negro has a dual identity, just as most Americans have, and it seems to me ironic that the discipline out of which this present action is being exerted comes from no simple agony—or simple despair—but out of long years of learning how to live under pressure, of learning to deal with provocation and with violence. It issues out of the Negro's necessity of establishing his own value system and his own conception of Negro experience and Negro personality, conceptions which seldom get into the sociology and psychology textbooks.

WARREN: The power of character, of self-control—the qualities that are making this movement effective now—did not come out of blind suffering?

ELLISON: Nor did they come out of self-pity or self-hate—which is a belief shared by many black and white sociologists, journalists, by the Black Muslims and by many white liberals. But even though some of these elements—the Negro being human—are present within the movement, these qualities are no expression of blind suffering or self-hate. For when the world was not looking, when the country was not looking at Negroes, and when we were restrained in certain of our activities by the interpretation of the law of the land, something was present in our lives to sustain us. This is evident when we go back and look at our cultural expression, when we look at the folklore in a truly questioning way, when we scrutinize and listen before passing judgment. Listen to those tales which are told by Negroes among themselves. I'm annoyed whenever I come across a perfectly well-meaning person saying of the present struggle, "Well, the Negro has suddenly discovered courage." Without ever bothering to do more than project his own notions upon Negroes—and not really his own but prefabricated stereotypes—he makes of a slow and arduous development a dramatic event. The

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freedom movement, he assumes, exists simply because *he* is looking at it. Thus it becomes an accident or an artistic contrivance, or a conspiracy, instead of the slow development in time, in history, and in group discipline and organizational technique which it actually is.

I shouldn't be annoyed, of course, since Americans know very little of their history and we tend to act as though we believed that by refusing to look at history there'll be no necessity to confront its consequences. And we have so many facile ways of disguising the issues, of rendering them banal.

A few weeks ago I saw a revival of an old Al Jolson movie on television. This was about the time of the summer riots in Harlem, and in

one of the big scenes Jolson appears in blackface singing a refrain which goes, "I don't want to make your laws, I just want to sing my songs and be happy!" Well, whatever the reality of Negro attitudes or whatever the stage of the Negro freedom struggle at the time the picture was originally released, this piece of popular culture tells us more about Jolson, about Hollywood, and about American techniques for converting serious moral issues into sentimental and banal entertainment than about Negroes. Anyone who bothers to consult history would know that not only were Negroes anxious to change the laws but were trying even then to do so.

Viewed from this perspective, America has been terribly damaged by bad art. Perhaps those Negro writers who wish to be praised for shoddy work, and who regard serious literary criticism as a form of racial prejudice, should remember that bad art which toys with serious issues is ultimately destructive and the entertainment which it provides is poisonous, regardless of the racial background of the artist.

WARREN: What do you think of the suggestion that part of the Southern resistance is not based on the question of race as such but on the impulse to maintain identity? A white Southerner feeling that his identity is somehow involved may feel the need to defend a lot of things in one package as being Southern, and one of those things is segregation. He feels he has to have the whole package to define his culture and his identity. Does that make any sense to you?

ELLISON: It makes a lot of sense to me, because one thing I feel when I look at the Southerner who has these feelings is that he has been imprisoned by them, and that he has been prevented from achieving his individuality, perhaps more than Negroes have. And very often this is a tough one for Northerners to understand—that is, Northern whites, and sometimes even for Northern Negroes.

WARREN: I think that's true—about some of the people I know.

ELLISON: Yes, it is very difficult to get that across, and I wish it could be spelled out. I wish that we could break this thing down so that it could be seen that desegregation isn't going to stop people from being Southern, that freedom for Negroes isn't going to destroy the main current of that way of life; which becomes, like most ways of life when we *talk* about them, more real on the level of myth, memory, and dream than on the level of actuality anyway. The climate will remain the same, and that has a lot to do with it; the heroes of Southern history will remain, and so on. The economy will probably expand and a hell of a lot of energy which has gone into

keeping the Negro "in his place" will be released for more creative pursuits. And the dictionary will become more accurate, the language a bit purified, and the singing in the schools will sound better.

I suspect that what is valuable and worth preserving in the white Southern way of life is not exclusively dependent upon the existence of segregation. Besides, from what I have seen of the South, as a musician and as a waiter and so on, some of the people who are most afraid of Negroes invading them will never be bothered because their way of life is structured in a manner which isn't particularly attractive to Negroes.

WARREN: There's an interlocking structure, I sometimes think, supported by just one thing—segregation.

ELLISON: Yes, and their fear is so unreal, actually, when you can see the whole political structure being changed anyway. And when the political structure changes and desegregation is achieved, it will be easily seen where Negroes were stopped by the law and where they would have stopped anyway, because of income and by their own preference—a matter of taste. There is, after all, a tiny bit of Negro truth in the story Southern whites love to tell, to the effect that if a white man could be a Negro on Saturday night he'd never wish to be white again.

That bit of consolation aside, however, I don't think it sufficiently appreciated that over and over

again Negroes of certain backgrounds take on aristocratic values. They are rural and Southern and not drawn to business because business was not part of the general pattern. This is one reason—over and beyond the realities of discrimination by banks, suppliers, poor training opportunities, and even individual lack of initiative—that we've developed no powerful middle-class. Here again a cultural factor cuts across the racial and political appearance of things. Southern whites were also slow to take to business.

WARREN: That's been one of the things that has been commented on by observers from the eighteenth century on.

ELLISON: But over and over again, my intellectual friends—they have no conception of this. They can't understand—I mean, it appears ludicrous to them when I say that so-and-so is aristocratic in his image of himself and in the values which he has taken over from the white South. Nevertheless it's true, and some of the biggest snobs that you could run into are poor Negroes—well, they might not be poor actually, they might be living very well—but there are just certain things, certain codes, certain values which they express and they will die by them. And there's quite a lot of that.

WARREN: In Washington I was

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talking to a student in the Howard University Law School—she's been through the demonstrations, she's been in jail. She said, "I'm optimistic about the way things may go here in the South—about getting a human settlement after the troubles are over." I asked, "Why?" She said, "Well, because we have been on the land together. We have a common history which is some basis for communication, for living together afterwards."

ELLISON: Well, it is true that when you share a common background, you don't have to spell out so many things, even though you might be fighting over recognizing the common identity, and I think that that's part of the South's struggle. For instance, it's just very hard for Governor Wallace to recognize that he has got to share not only the background but the power of looking after the state of Alabama with Negroes who probably know as much about it as he does. Now, here in New York I know many, many people with many, many backgrounds, and very often people who think that they know me as an individual reveal that they have no sense of the experience behind me —the extent of it and the complexity of it. What they have instead is good will and a passion for abstraction.

WARREN: That's a human problem, of course, all the way. But it can be special in a case like this, I presume.

ELLISON: It can be special because suddenly something comes up and I realize, "Well, my gosh, all the pieces aren't here." That is, I've won my individuality in relation to those friends at the cost of that great part of me which is really representative of a group experience. I'm sometimes viewed as "different" or a "special instance," when in fact I'm special only to the extent that I'm a fairly conscious example and in some ways a lucky instance of the general run of American Negroes.

WARREN: I encounter the same thing, I suppose, in a way. I have been congratulated by well-meaning friends who say, "It's so nice to meet a reconstructed Southerner." I don't feel reconstructed, you see. And I don't feel liberal. I feel logical. And I resent the word—I resent the word "reconstructed."

ELLISON: It's like this notion of the culturally deprived child—one of those phrases which I don't like. I have taught white middle-class young people who are what I would call "culturally deprived." They are culturally deprived because they are not oriented within the society in such a way that they are prepared to deal with its problems.

WARREN: It's a different kind of cultural deprivation, isn't it? And actually a more radical one.

ELLISON: That's right, but they don't even realize it. Those people can be much more troubled than the child who lives in the slum and knows how to exist in the slum.

WARREN: It's more mysterious, what's happening to him—the middle-class child?

ELLISON: Yes, it's quite mysterious, because he has everything, all of the

opportunities, but he can make nothing of the society or of his obligations. And often he has no clear idea of his own goals. He can't see how to remedy his situation and he doesn't know to what extent he has given up his past. He thinks he has a history, but every time you really talk to him seriously you discover that, well, it's kind of floating out there. There's a distance between the parent and the child—the parents might have had it, they might have had it in the old country, they might have had it from the farm, and so on, but something happens with the young ones.

WARREN: Do you think there's a real crisis of values in the American middle class, then?

ELLISON: I think there's a terrific crisis, and one of the events by which the middle class is being tested, and one of the forms in which the crisis expresses itself, is the necessity of dealing with the Negro freedom movement.

WARREN: Is this why there are some young white people who move into it—because it is their personal salvation to find a cause to identify with, something outside themselves, outside the flatness of their middle-class American spiritual ghetto? Several people, including a civil-rights militant like Robert Moses of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, have remarked on the resistance of Negroes there to white well-wishers, or even courageous fellow workers. Some whites, to compensate for some deficiency they feel, try to absorb arbitrarily the Negro culture, Negro speech, Negro musical terms, Negro musical tastes—move in and grab, as it were, the other man's soul.

ELLISON: Yes, and the resentment has existed for a long time now. But what is new today is that it is being stated, articulated. It is important to recognize, however, that the resentment arises not from simple jealousy over others admiring certain aspects of our life style and expression and seeking to share them. All too often that idiom, that style, that expressiveness for which we've suffered and struggled, and which is a product of our effort to make meaning of our experience, is taken over by those who would distort it and reduce it to banality. This happened with jazz.

But another aspect of Negro resentment arises because, again all too often, whites approach us with an unconscious assumption of racial superiority. And this leads to the naïve and implicitly arrogant assumption that a characteristic cultural expression can simply be picked up and appropriated, without bothering to learn its subtleties, its inner

complexity, or its human cost, its source in tradition, its idiomatic allusiveness, its rooting in the density of lived life. It's like Christopher Newman in James's *The American* going over and trying to move into French society and finding a dense complexity of values and attitudes.

WARREN: Let's turn to something else. Here in the midst of what has been an expanding economy you have a contracting economy for the unprepared, for the Negro.

ELLISON: That's the paradox. And this particularly explains something new which has come into the picture, that is, a determination by the

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Negro no longer to be the scapegoat, no longer to pay, to be sacrificed to the inadequacies of other Americans. We want to socialize the costs. A cost has been exacted in terms of character, in terms of courage and determination, and in terms of self-knowledge and self-discovery. Worse, it has led to social, economic, political, and intellectual disadvantages, and to a contempt even for our lives.

Negroes are now forcing the confrontation between the nation's conduct and its ideal, and they are most

American in that they are doing so. Other Americans are going to have to do the same thing. We've had the luxury of evading moral necessities from the Reconstruction on. Much of the moral looseness from which we suffered can be dated back to that period. We're slowly learning that wealth does us little good, that something more is needed. We're in trouble simply because we've compromised so damned much with events and with ourselves. Something is wrong and it isn't the presence of Negroes. It isn't even the presence of the civil-rights problem, although this is an aspect of it.

WARREN: I agree with you immediately that that is not the central fact. But it flows into an American national situation and aggravates it.

ELLISON: The national values have become so confused that you can't even depend upon your writers for some sense of the realism of character. There is a basic strength in this country, but so much of it is being sapped away and no one seems to be too much interested in it.

WARREN: Even in the face of some of the evidence, we have to assume there's a basic strength in the country—assume that much or give up. But as one of the factors in that basic strength, I've heard you talk about the Negro's ability to master psychological pressures, about how this was developed in the course of his history, about—

ELLISON: —about the old necessity of having to stay alive during periods when violence was loose in the land and when many were being casually killed. Violence has been so ever-present and so often unleashed through incidents of such pettiness and capriciousness that for us personal courage had either to take another form or be negated, to become meaningless.

Often the individual's personal courage had to be held in check, since not only could his exaction of personal satisfaction from a white man lead to the destruction of other innocent Negroes, but his self-evaluation could be called into question by the smallest things and the most inconsequential gesture could become imbued with power over life or death.

This has certainly been part of my own experience. There have been situations where in facing hostile whites I had to determine not what *they* thought was at issue—because, in any case, they were bent upon violence—but what *I* wanted it to be. "This guy wants me to fight, most likely he wants an excuse to kill me—what do I have to gain? And am I going to let *him* impose his values upon my life?"

WARREN: To let him determine your worth to you, is that it?

ELLISON: Yes. Even if I couldn't love my would-be provocateur, as Dr. King advises, I could dismiss him as childish, and perhaps even forgive him. This, even though at the time I ached to meet him on neutral ground and on equal terms.

One thing that some Northern Negroes overlook is that Southern Negroes learned about violence in a

very tough school. They have known for a long time that they can take a lot of head-whipping and survive and go on working toward their own goals. We learned about forbearance and forgiveness in that same school —and about hope too. So today we sacrifice, as we sacrificed yesterday, the pleasure of personal retaliation in the interest of the common good. And where violence was once a casual matter, it has now become a matter of national political significance. Some Northerners regard the necessary psychological complexity of Southern Negroes as intolerable, but I'm afraid that they would impose a psychological norm upon Negro life which is not only inadequate to deal with its complexity but implicitly negative.

WARREN: Let's go back to what you said a moment ago about the basic heroism involved in the Negro struggle.

ELLISON: Yes, I'm referring to the basic, implicit heroism of people who must live within a society without recognition or real status, but who are involved in the ideals of that society and who are trying to make their way, trying to determine their true position and their rightful position within it. Such people learn more about the real nature of that society, more about the true character of its values, than those who can afford to take their own place in society for granted. They might not be able to spell it out philosophically, but they *act* it out. And as against the white man's indictments of the conduct, folkways, and values which express their sense of social reality, the Negroes' actions say: "But you are being dishonest. You know that our view of things is true. We live and act out the truth of American reality, while to the extent that you refuse to take those aspects of reality, these inconsistencies, into consideration, you do not live the truth."

Such a position raises a people above a simple position of social and political inferiority, and it imposes upon them the necessity of understanding the other man. And, while still pressing for their freedom, they have the obligation to themselves of giving up some of their need for revenge. There are no abstract rules. And although the human goal of a higher humanity is the same for all, each group must play the cards as history deals them. This requires understanding.

WARREN: Understanding themselves too?

ELLISON: Understanding them-

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selves—yes—in terms of their own lived definition of value, and of understanding themselves in relationship to other Americans. This places a big moral strain upon the individual, and it requires self-confidence, self-consciousness, self-mastery, insight, and compassion. In the broader sense it requires an alertness to human complexity. Nevertheless, isn't this what civilization is all about? And isn't this what tragedy has always sought to teach us?

At any rate, this too has been part of the American Negro experience, and I believe that one of the important clues to the meaning of that experience lies in the idea, the *ideal* of sacrifice. Hannah Arendt's failure to grasp the importance of this ideal among Southern Negroes caused her to fly way off into left field in her "Reflections on Little Rock," in *Dissent* magazine, in which she charged Negro parents with exploiting their children during the struggle to integrate the schools. But she has absolutely no conception of what goes on in the minds of Negro parents when they send their kids through those lines of hostile people. Yet they are aware of the overtones of a rite of initiation which such events actually constitute for the child, a confrontation of the terrors of social life with all the mysteries stripped away. And in the outlook of many of these parents (who wish that the problem didn't exist), the child is expected to face the terror and contain his fear and anger *precisely* because he is a Negro American. Thus he's required to master the inner tensions created by his racial situation—and if he gets hurt, then his is one more sacrifice. It is a harsh requirement, but if he fails this basic test his life will be even harsher.

WARREN: Many Southerners have been imprisoned by a loyalty to being Southern. Now, there's a remark often made about Negroes, that they are frequently imprisoned—or the genius of the Negro is imprisoned—in the race problem. I am concerned with a kind of parallelism here between these two things.

ELLISON: Well, I think that the parallel is very real. We're often so imprisoned in the problem that we don't stop to analyze our assets, and our leaders are often so preoccupied with an effort to interpret Negro life in terms which sociology has laid down that they not only fail to question the validity of such limited and limiting terms, but they seem unaware that there are any others. One reason seems to be that they exclude themselves from the limitations of such definitions.

WARREN: Let's go back more specifically to the notion that both the white and Negro Southerner are imprisoned in a situation.

ELLISON: Now, we know that there is an area in Southern experience wherein Negroes and whites achieve

a sort of human communication—and even social intercourse—which is not always possible in the North. I mean that there is an implacably human side to race relationships. But at certain moments a reality which is political and social and ideological asserts itself, and the human relationship breaks up and both groups of people fall into their abstract roles. Thus a great loss of human energy goes into maintaining our stylized identities. In fact, much of the energy of the imagination—much of the *psychic* energy of the South, among both whites and blacks, has gone, I think, into this particular negative art form. If I may speak of it in such terms.

WARREN: Just from the strain of maintaining this stance?

ELLISON: I think so. Because in the end, when the barriers are down, there are human assertions to be made, whatever one's race, in terms of one's own taste and one's own affirmations of one's own self, one's own way and the sense of life of one's own group. But this makes a big problem for Negroes because there's always the dominance of white standards—which we influence and partially share—imposed upon us. Nevertheless, there is much about Negro life which Negroes like, just as we like certain kinds of food. One of our problems is going to be that of affirming those things which we love about Negro life when there is no longer pressure upon us from outside. Then the time will come when our old ways of life will say, "Well, all right, you're no longer kept within a Jim Crow community, what are you going to do about your life now? Do you think there is going to be a way of enjoying yourself which is absolutely better, more human than what you've known?" You see, it's a question of recognizing the human core, the universality of our experience.

It is one of my greatest privileges as an American, as a human being living in this particular time, to be able to project myself into various backgrounds, into various cultural patterns, *not* because I want to cease being a Negro, or because I think that these are automatically better ways of realizing oneself, but because it is one of the great glories of being an American. You can be somebody else while still being yourself, and you don't have to take an ocean voyage to do it.

WARREN: I know some people, Ralph, white people and Negroes, who would say that what you are saying is an apology for a segregated society. I know it's not.

ELLISON: There's no real answer to such a charge, but I did leave the South in 1936. My writing speaks for

itself. I've never pretended for one minute that the injustices and limitations of Negro life do not exist. On the other hand, I think it's important to recognize that Negroes have achieved a very rich humanity despite these restrictive conditions. I wish to be free not so that I can be less Negro American but so that I can make the term mean something even richer. Now, if I can't recognize this or if recognizing this makes me an Uncle Tom, then heaven help us all.

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The Moscow Art Theatre: Surprises After Stanislavski

GORDON ROGOFF

CHEKHOV is traditionally loved for what he considered the wrong reasons. What was comic or satirical to him is tragic or melancholy to others; what was characterization is real life; and what was precisely ordered is taken for happy accident. Of Stanislavski's original production of *The Cherry Orchard* for the Moscow Art Theatre, Chekhov complained: "With the exception of two or three parts, nothing in it is mine. I am describing life, ordinary life, and not blank despondency. They either make me into a crybaby or a bore."

It is an odd tradition, one that has been widely and persistently accepted by the English-speaking world ever since the plays were popularly successful in Stanislavski's productions. Disparate acting approaches have made little difference: Eva Le Gallienne's grand manner has the same effect ultimately as Lee Strasberg's behavioral psychology. Drift and melancholy prevail. Most American and English productions make the plays and the characters sound alike, as if Chekhov had only one story to tell, unvaried in tone, focus, or tempo. The price of being an innovator was that his name could be so easily transformed into an adjective.

Similarly, Stanislavski has become —in America at least—a figure frozen in a pose, the father of "truth" and "reality" in acting. Nothing was inherently wrong with the religion built around his name. Indeed, his effect on the art of acting was profoundly liberating. All that went wrong was that his American disciples, arguing among themselves, seemed to stop where Stanislavski said he was just beginning. Inner truth became an excuse for ignoring the compelling outer realities of dramatic art. Stanislavski was interpreted just as Chekhov felt he had misinterpreted him: as a means to a monotonous end.

Against this background, the recent visit of the Moscow Art Theatre to New York seemed to promise few surprises. It seemed reasonable to anticipate only a peek behind a moldy curtain, a glimpse into a complacent past. In the event, there was both mold and surprise. And it was surprise, finally, that won the day.

THE FIRST CLUES came with the adaptation of Gogol's picaresque novel, *Dead Souls*. All the signs of museum deadness were there: the staging was said to be preserved-Stanislavski, presented essentially as he himself had charted it toward the end of his life, in the 1930's; also, the dramatization used only lines by Gogol, with nothing new added and nothing old left out. Yet for all the willed mustiness, the stage shivered with life. Gogol's fascination with grotesque humors and Hogarthian conceits became the occasion for an extraordinary actors' festival. As his sly, wickedly lubricious anti-hero, Chichikov, traveled from one confidence trick to another, uncovering characters even greedier and more unconscionable than himself, it became clear that this actors' theatre was using the flimsy dramatic line more as a theatrical offering than as a play.

Never has there been such a concentrated display of virtuoso acting to so little sustained purpose. Chichikov's journey into swindle-land—buying up lists of deceased serfs in order to turn them into some form of peculiar profit—can only repeat itself, drawing what little variety it can from the quirks and tics of the idiots he is fleecing. Boundless energy and invention were poured into every motion, small or large. No wheeze was left unturned. Actors sighed, giggled, roared, simpered, puffed, and belched. It was like a celebration of all the gestures and noises available to the staged event. The actors were enjoying themselves in character, not the character in themselves. This was the initial surprise: the gaiety, the delight in caricature, the obvious pleasure in acting as, first of all, a *performing* art.

LATE in the Moscow Art's New York season, one of its "modern" plays was introduced into the schedule, *Kremlin Chimes,* or as it might have been more aptly titled, *Nick Lenin in Illinois*. To an even greater extent than *Dead Souls,* this was less than a workable play, so crowded was it with pompous incident, poster characters, and slogan thoughts. Yet for all its stolidity, its stumbling idolatry of an energetically lifeless hero (Lenin), its sudsy socialist realism (Girl meets Sailor, Sailor serves Lenin, Lenin meets Girl's reactionary Father, Father meets Progress, and so on), it was still used as an excuse to present actors as live, throbbing, responsive instruments tuned to the art of being selectively human on stage. Boris Petker's Watchmaker, for only one example, had an encounter with Lenin that might easily have become as dull and automatic as the writing, but he covered it with a

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kind of centered acting that would make even a zombie look personable: he was speaking of his humble craft while attracting attention not to his words but to the strange, almost feline wanderings of his hand on the table. These quietly anxious motions were more emblematic of his need for work than all the hollow phrases placed on his tongue.

Thus, the second surprise of the Moscow Art today is its aggressive awareness of everything physical. Actions are spacious yet contained, recognizably lifelike yet artfully planned, visible yet suggestive. An aging Boris Livanov, for instance, plays the stormy, lustily alcoholic, youthful Nosdrev in *Dead Souls* for all the world as if he were a bellowing, imaginative Douglas Fairbanks. A somewhat younger Angelina Stepanova plays the isolated, wishful, aging governess in *The Cherry Orchard,* Charlotta Ivanovna, with a drooping bounciness that constantly betrays how prim and finished she really is. The outward show is used always to stress an inner tale.

Behind these gestures lies yet another tale to add to the Stanislavski legacy. According to Mikhail Kedrov and Iosef Raevsky, both students of Stanislavski and now director-actors with the company, his later years were devoted primarily to two somewhat obsessive lessons: that his work was never meant to remain the same, and that the most difficult and essential part of rehearsal (after discussing the characters for several days) is the quest for physical behavior in relation to the given circumstances of the scene set by the author. The current mode of the Moscow Art Theatre places unexpected stress on the dramatist. While its repertory, sets, and lighting reflect the tatty, tremulous, unsearching methods of the orthodox, its acting hints today at a minor revolution. If the company is a kind of museum, the present directors made it clear that they think of their job as experimenting with the new as well as preserving the old.

The greatest pleasure of the Soviet company's visit was the discovery—and I hope this is taken as neither frivolous nor obvious—that *The Three Sisters* and *The Cherry Orchard* are two very different plays. When Chekhov referred to the first as a drama and the second as "a comedy, almost bordering on farce," he knew what he meant, even if Stanislavski couldn't accept the distinction at the time. True, the dramatic surfaces are similar: comings and goings, reflections and musings, hopes, longings, and all the configurations of nostalgia. But, as Raevsky put it—and it was he who redirected *The Three Sisters* in 1958—this nostalgia was an *active* emotion—a mood, yes, but one propelling the characters into a reiterated wish to *do* something about their lives.

Not that many of them ever really turn wish into decision; it is only

that, in expressing the world of the plays, the actors need not behave like depleted, motionless figures in a dream. In the drama, *The Three Sisters,* the central characters are almost always aware of their ineffectualness. Hence they derive their forward motion from a gathering sense of resignation. In *The Cherry Orchard,* however, speckled as it is by scene after scene of gentle farce, they are almost completely unaware. (Lopakhin is the single exception, and therefore, to Chekhov, he is the hero of the play—not, as it is usually performed, Madame Ranevsky.) The result is motion based upon the events that needlessly and ridiculously turn against the characters. They don't linger over disaster or memories, they move swiftly and almost carelessly from one to the other. When they do hang back for a moment—such as in Gaev's extravagant apostrophe to an antique dressing cabinet—they are meant to look and sound preposterous. In short, to play Chekhov sensibly, the actors must press on with the play, skimming lightly and fluidly over surfaces so as to leave that many more reverberations behind. Lingerings and sadnesses are the audience's privilege, not the actors'.

"WHEN A MAN," said Chekhov, "spends the least possible number of movements on some definite action, then that is gracefulness." It is this essential grace and economy that mark the work of most of the Moscow Art Theatre's players. Moments are carefully measured and stresses are delicate. Never unnatural, always believable, they manage to let us know precisely where our eyes should turn. As actors, they are rarely *in* tears; they follow Chekhov's repeated assertions in the stage directions that they are talking *through* tears. They present character and represent life. They do not pretend that what they are a part of is something different from—and therefore something less than—art. They act rather than behave.

It is regrettable that the actors are supported by such laggard notions of stage design and lighting, since theatrical perfection, for once, almost seemed possible. Surely, too, Alla Tarassova should now retire from the role of Madame Ranevsky: she is not without grace, but she tends to bring an unyielding lumpishness, a star-turn quality, that is too heavy even for this unromantic view of the character. A great soloist, however, such as Alexei Gribov—the oaken Firs in *The Cherry Orchard,* the crumbling nihilist doctor in *The Three Sisters,* and the almost immobile great bear of a schemer, Sobakevich, in *Dead Souls*—thrives within the ensemble.

Whatever the misunderstandings between Chekhov and Stanislavski more than sixty years ago, there is clarity and aptness today. The playwright, in fact, has been rescued from the dust that was threatening to overwhelm his plays in England and America. One's abiding memory of the superb Moscow Art Theatre will always be of coolness released, of rhythms shaped, forms contained, of art honored by life.

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler No. 122

by HENRY ALLEN

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A

214 206 42 116 106 82 One who removes something, a hat, for instance.

B

150 32 174 48 172 10 224 76 22 "A sweet attractive kind of grace, / A full_____given by looks." Matthew Roydon, "An Elegy."

C

186 192 124 66 4 56 "His heart was one of those which most enamour us, / Wax to receive and_____to retain." Byron, "Beppo."

D

24 36 126 A shape resembling the 19th letter of the alphabet.

E

142 70 184 120 140 146 196 Enlists.

F

30 62 130 86 14 Sadness, grief.

G

208 132 54 218 92 46 18 180 144 6 164 "All violent feelings ... produce in us a falseness in our_____of external things ..." Ruskin, "Lectures on Architecture and Painting."

H

58 94 190 80 12 60 34 158 104 Strangled.

I

138 156 90 28 64 154 52 "Welcome, kindred glooms! / Congenial_____, hail!" James Thomson, "The Seasons: Winter."

J

204 182 78 216 8 44 Foreign, strange.

K

200 220 122 168 160 148 20 ". . . Whistling to the air, which, but for_____, / Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too . . ." Shakespeare, "Antony and Cleopatra."

L

26 50 16 40 74 210 102 Decide, determine.

M

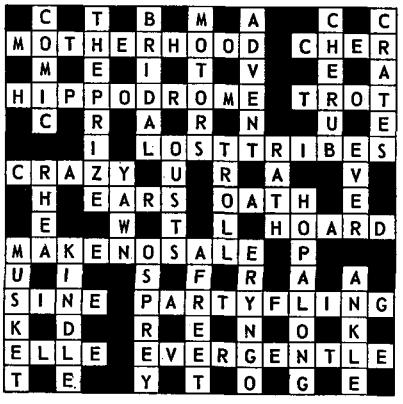
162 88 110 84 166 134 212 152 194 100 178 176 170 Favorite remedies for everything (8,2,3).

N

2 202 198 222 96 68 136 72 "You do unbend your noble_____to think / So brainsickly of things." Shakespeare, "Macbeth."

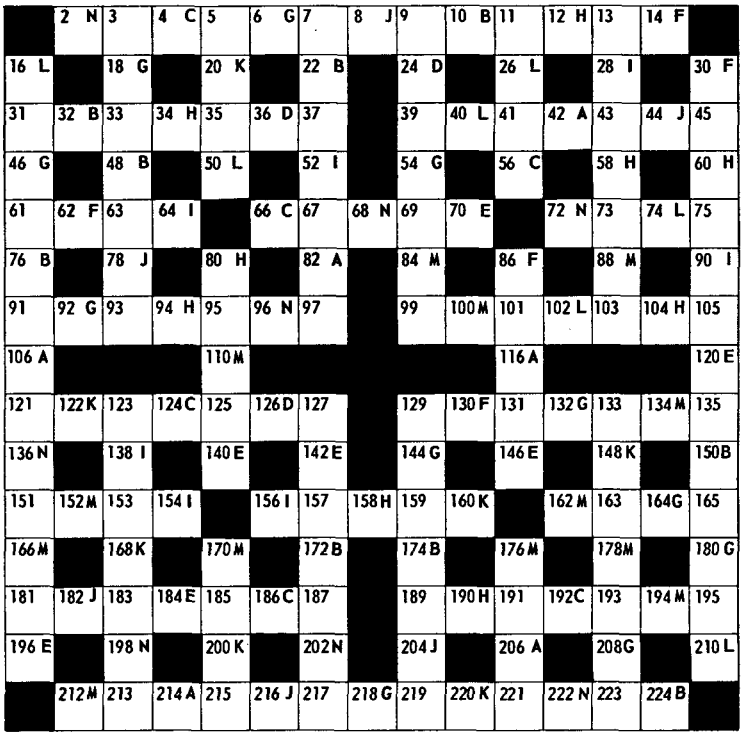
Solution to Puzzle #121

Acrostician—IRVING WALLACE



DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



ACROSS

2. The Acrostician's opposite number is often so described (8,5).
31. Starts 151 across more or less, but is no good at all.
39. Sir Joseph left his fur case outside.
61. This kind of stir, nae doot! (2-2).
66. Start in to beg.
72. See 127 down and skin it.
91. The hunters get put on a sidetrack again.
99. The Turk is part fiend, but of the upper class.
121. What the Acrostician is.
129. A 61 across with a love affair at last.
151. The employer of a subtle ruse.
156. A cone in the sea.
162. A home in one's tree top.
181. The verge of an extremity.
189. Not about rain but an elegant villa in the grounds.
212. The 156 across around which civilization began.

DOWN

3. Fakes and so dupes the public.
5. I'd heard and seen everything.
7. Get what's coming to you at the end of a meal.
9. Notwithstanding a mean and malignant act.
11. Consideration for the race, perhaps.
13. The speech on a riot was of high caliber.
16. Ordinary animals may be fair-minded people.
30. Going to pot to get the tiger rationed.
80. The common European blackbird can louse things up someway.
86. What's cast out of Falmouth.
123. The rate of the Acrostician's bailiwick.
127. Conceal it on an island in the southeast 212 across.
129. Kind of ship that may be a slider.
133. Ace in a hole? That's the South Seas for you.
170. Solomon turned vile in the Bible.
176. No one after fifty can be this social king.

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BOOKS

The Couch and Poetic Insight

M. L. ROSENTHAL

THE FAR FIELD, by Theodore Roethke. *Doubleday. $3.50.*

77 DREAM SONGS, by John Berryman. *Farrar, Straus. $3.95.*

I am not sure how well Theodore Roethke's memory has been served by the publication of his very uneven last poems, which he had been readying for the press when he died in August, 1963. The poems are touching in at least two ways. First, they refer to his illness and seem aware of imminent death, though he was only fifty-five or younger when they were written. Second, behind their assumption of an achieved, transcendent quietude lies a deeper impression of inability to cope with the old, still unresolved hysteria that Roethke unloosed in his earlier work and of a consequent resort to the stock cosmic pieties of sagedom from Chuang-tzu on down. As V. S. Pritchett has written in another context, "It is often noticeable that tormented writers who seek a synthesis end by falling into self-complacency." This was indeed noticeable in Roethke long ago, in the poetic sequences of his early forties in which the characteristic structure was based on a progression of psychological states, more or less Freudian in their conception. "The Lost Son," for instance, took us from the stage of raw terror at the demands of actual life—the brutality of nature and of death, the challenge of adult sexuality—through a phase of self-repossession by accepting the father's daily world and so onward to a final, calmly affirmative, but really unearned resolution.

It is this last stage, unfortunately, at which Roethke was arrested in the poems of *The Far Field,* his posthumous volume. The vital tension had retreated some distance, leaving the poems free to attempt something like joyous acceptance of things as they are, immersion in nature in the old Romantic sense—that is, before Keats gave it the special modern twist of being a projection of man's own tragic paradoxicality. Sometimes Roethke almost achieved what he was after, notably in "Meditation at Oyster River" and "I Waited": a certain delicate precision, a light-spirited seriousness such as we are told the early Christians possessed, a sweetness of spirit deriving from a literal rendering of minutiae of nature and accepting their meaning wherever it may lead. But generally, even in the long, ambitious "Meditation at Oyster River," the work is marred by verbosity, cliché, and derivativeness. (Yeats, Whitman, Eliot, Dickinson, Crane—this sort of thing was always one of Roethke's besetting weaknesses.) But he was a real poet, and this volume had many lovely effects and interesting passages even though the poems as a whole failed of realization. He still had great tasks ahead.

Roethke came into his own as a poet in his group of short "greenhouse poems" published in 1948. (You will find them, with most of his other work before the present volume, in *Words for the Wind,* the collected edition of 1958.) After a weak start as a conventionally competent versifier, he made his essential artistic advance in these pieces. He had discovered, apparently simultaneously, that his great source of energy was his own uncontrolled, riotous psyche—he called it "the muck and welter, the dark, the *dreck*"—and that his youthful experience around his father's greenhouse in Michigan provided just the vivid, squirmingly uncomfortable, and concrete focus his poetry needed to channel and concentrate this emotional tumult. The equally exuberant and disgusted earthiness of these poems, their close relationship with plants and the slimy sublife of slugs and other such creatures, is unique. Although his later work sometimes carries forth their Rabelaisan gusto (see, for instance, "Give Way, Ye Gates" in the collected volume) and presents searching moments of psychological association, and though it can jolt us by its pure manic recklessness or its painfully gross and disturbing dejection, it seldom carries through with the same absolute conviction. One reason, no doubt, is the greater ambitiousness of the later work.

More important is the fact that for the most part Roethke had no subject apart from the excitements, illnesses, intensities of sensuous response, and inexplicable shiftings of his own sensibility. The greenhouse poems enabled him to objectify it for a time, but then he had nowhere to go but back inside himself. We have no other modern American poet of comparable reputation who has absorbed so little of the concerns of his times into his nerve-ends, in whom there is so little reference direct or remote to the character and experiences of the age—unless the damaged psyche out of which he spoke be taken as its very embodiment. But that was not quite enough. The confessional mode, reduced to this kind of self-recharging, becomes redundant and uses itself up after the first wild orgies of feel-

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ing. We are left, at best, with a thin exhausted bitterness or desire to be cheerful:

The way grew steeper between stony walls,
Then lost itself down through a rocky gorge.
A donkey path led to a small plateau.
Below, the bright sea was, the level waves,
And all the winds came toward me. I was glad.

JOHN BERRYMAN, in his *77 Dream Songs*, seriously enters the post-war current of confessional poetry. The general features of this kind of poetry—as represented especially in the writing of Robert Lowell but also in a number of his followers such as Anne Sexton, W. D. Snodgrass, and now Berryman—are that it not only makes use of private anguish and psychological disturbance but actually exploits them through putting them forward nakedly, and to some degree exhibitionistically, as the poet's predominant theme. In most of the new confessional poetry an exact correlation is suggested between the poet's private predicaments and those of the nation and the culture at large. Berryman is the first poet (except Allen Ginsberg, whom he resembles more than he would like to think, perhaps, but whose writing is essentially of a different cast) to pick up Mr. Lowell's cues on so sweeping a scale. The genius of the latter poet lies partly in his having that quality so conspicuously lacking in Roethke, of having absorbed "the concerns of his age into his nerve-ends." But he has shown a terrible courage, as well, in the way he speaks in his own person, and of course there is the pure force and virtuosity of his art. We must respect Berryman's effort to match this achievement in his own way.

The *77 Dream Songs* were perhaps foreshadowed in the tension of *The Dispossessed* (1948), and in the special quality of his repossession of (and identification with) the psyche of the seventeenth-century poet Anne Bradstreet in *Homage to Mistress Bradstreet* (1956). In this latter book, with its high pitch of intensity, Mr. Berryman presents a kind of dialogue between himself and the woman poet in which their voices

let her love you

VENUS PERALTA, FILIPINA, AGE 4. One of five children. Father dead. Mother earns about 50¢ a day. Sells fish in market. Lives in one-room shack in squatter area. Roof rusty galvanized tin salvaged from cans. Walls scraps of firewood. Cooking and washing done in lean-to. Children ragged. Main food source sweet potato patch. Privation acute. Mother sickened with despair for children. Help to Venus means help to whole family.

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sometimes merge, and in an important sense the effect is of two voices of a divided self. The technique involved is carried forward in the *Dream Songs*, but this time the character Henry and the other voices are literally of this nature. "Unappeasable Henry" and the "I" of the poem and other voices, often including strong infusions of vaudeville and plantation Negro dialect, are all facets of the central sensibility.

In this device, and in presenting his book as "one version, of a poem in progress," as well as in giving the reader various leads and allusions to be worked on through research on Berryman's private life and reading, he resembles Ezra Pound. But since the element of innovation here is truly minimal, and since the quality of Berryman's art does not really make him the Pound to Lowell's Eliot, we may decline that part of his gambit which invites us to consider the book a major work and may view it rather as a collection of lyric and dramatic poems all in basically the same form (three six-line stanzas of varying rhyme scheme and line lengths). It then becomes a modern equivalent of the traditional sonnet sequence, with a few nuggets of gold among the lesser pieces, with much wit and interest but offering no real justification intrinsically for further development. It is "in progress" in the sense that it would benefit considerably from rigorous reduction and revision, but that is the lot of all poets, especially of compulsively self-repetitive ones.

OF THESE seventy-seven poems, then, perhaps a score stand out from the rest, two of them (Poems 29 and 53) supremely. These two poems are so much epitomes of what is best in this book that one might almost say—but it would be wrong—that they render the rest superfluous. Poem 29 begins on a deeply moving and beautiful note, stating private misery and unlocatable guilt in the most immediate, humanly available manner; and it realizes itself perfectly:

> There sat down, once, a thing on Henry's heart
> só heavy, if he had a hundred years
> & more, & weeping, sleepless, in all them time
> Henry could not make good.
> Starts again always in Henry's ears
> the little cough somewhere, an odour, a chime.
>
> And there is another thing he has in mind
> like a grave Sienese face a thousand years
> would fail to blur the still profiled approach of. Ghastly,
> with open eyes, he attends, blind.
> All the bells say: too late. This is not for tears;
> thinking.
>
> But never did Henry, as he thought he did,
> end anyone and hacks her body up
> and hide the pieces, where they may be found.
> He knows: he went over everyone, & nobody's missing.
> Often he reckons, in the dawn, them up.
> Nobody is ever missing.

Faint echoes of other poets touch these lines—Hopkins and Eliot mostly, yet without the intrusiveness of some others among the *Dream Songs*. It is the essential predicament

of the speaker that is presented here, and even the Lowell-like final line does not violate the poem's purity. A fine gift for distorting syntax for emphasis and yet holding onto the clarity of his sentences is one of Berryman's chief stylistic strengths. What is elsewhere a slightly offensive buffoonery in the use of Negro dialect, and a probably unwarranted assumption that the griefs of the Negro and the griefs of Berryman are aspects of one another, becomes in a few poems like this one a wry effect of childlike vulnerability—"in all them time," "end anyone and hacks her body up." Even the elsewhere often gimmicky "&" contributes to this effect by helping to compress the statement and make it look less formal. Poem 53, which takes off, as it were, where this one leaves off—"He lay in the middle of the world, and twitcht"—gives us what might be called the social and cultural correlative of this private condition. It is a poem about the compulsion to shut out what cannot be shut out, the "outside world":

> Kierkegaard wanted a society, to refuse to read 'papers,
> and that was not, friends, his worst idea.
> Tiny Hardy, toward the end, refused to say *anything*,
> a programme adopted early on by long Housman,
> and Gottfried Benn
> said:—We are using our own skins for wallpaper and we cannot win.

THIS POEM, as so often here, modulates clearly toward the familiar theme of the *poète maudit*. But unlike, say, Poem 1, it neither sentimentalizes the theme nor oversimplifies it. Nor, as so many of these pieces do, does it commandeer political themes facilely or fashionably. (See, for example, the easy satire on Eisenhower in Poem 23, or the presumed identification with the Jews of the Warsaw ghetto in Poem 41, or the comment on America's betrayal of Jefferson's meanings in the incantatory Poem 22.) There are many aspects of the book I have neglected—the elegiac group on Frost, the poems about sexual desire, the various autobiographical and self-analytical notations, and so on—which cast a good deal of light on this poet's admirable range and flexibility, and on his own motives and the attitudes of literary and intellectual circles with whom he is associated. A longer essay would be required to sort out the real thing from the attitudinizing and elite-gossipy chaff. But even this brief close-up may suggest that, whatever individually poignant and accomplished poems it may still bring to us, the confessional movement as a startling new factor in our art may be just about played out, or more accurately, may now be beginning to be absorbed and taken for granted as part of the extremely varied new poetic scene. With that development comes the danger that its practitioners may in the future be overindulging themselves if they think that every nuance of suffering brought out on the couch or in reverie is a mighty flood of poetic insight, or the key to a new aesthetic.

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An Indian Looks at Africa

THOMAS STERLING

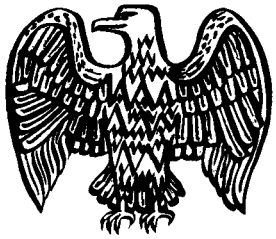
THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING BLACK: AN ASIAN LOOKS AT AFRICA, by Frank Moraes. *Macmillan. $8.95.*

Whenever a new survey of contemporary Africa comes along, a measure of the incredible rate of change in that unfortunate land is forced on us not so much by what the book says as by what it doesn't say. Seemingly, nothing can be published about Africa these days that isn't largely out of date before it hits the bookstores. Looking back, John Gunther fades into a sepia mist along with Henry M. Stanley, while the Irish elegance of Conor Cruise O'Brien goes on the shelf with Roger Casement. The latest book to be swept into the past before it was ever a part of the present is *The Importance of Being Black,* and its author, Frank Moraes, who is the former editor of the *Indian Express,* may not be to blame.

Moraes traveled through Africa in 1961. One would imagine, therefore, that his book should have been in provisional shape for his publishers by the beginning of 1963. If this is so, one wonders why two more years passed before it appeared in print. Most of the updating made necessary by this delay is superficial —a bit like putting a new frosting on an old cake.

The real subject of *The Importance of Being Black* is the importance of Africa, and the author starts off, fittingly, by reminding us how nearly impossible that subject is to deal with. In the last half century, but especially in the twenty years since the war, Moraes notes, "80 million rural Africans have migrated from their homesteads to the cities, towns, and villages, bursting their tribal boundaries and spilling over into the multiracial society of the urban world."

Most of these people did not emerge from a culture vacuum. As a general rule, Africans have as evolved and complex norms of behavior as any people on earth. Al-



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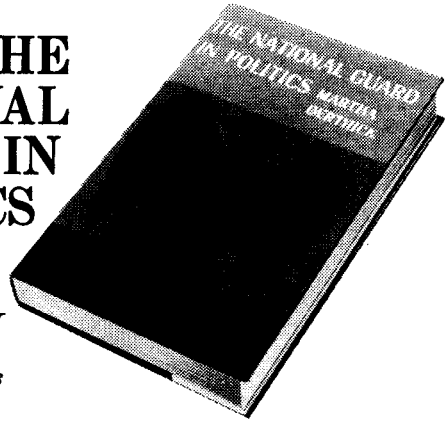

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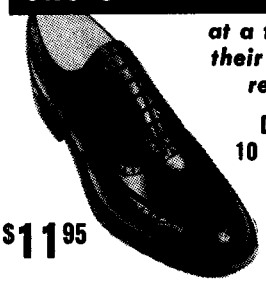

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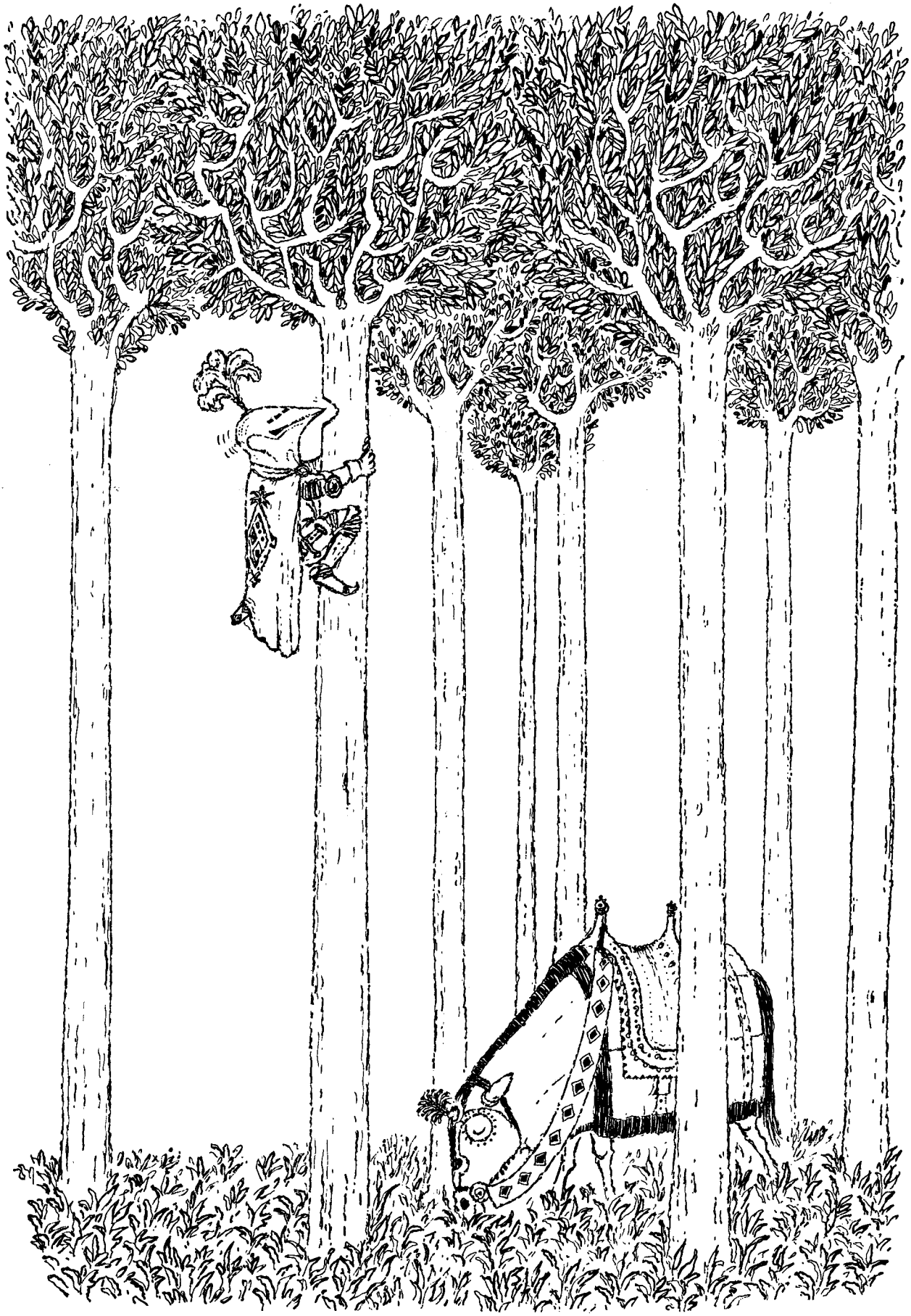

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though exposed suddenly and relentlessly to European culture, they have not only held their own in many fields but have also exerted a strong influence on the West, particularly in the arts. Neither are all Africans so poverty-stricken as we commonly imagine them to be. Moraes points out that the standards of living of Ghana and Nigeria are much higher than India's.

ONE WOULD EXPECT the author, as an Indian, to be especially knowledgeable about nations that were formerly British colonies. And he is, to the extent that he gives a fair and detailed account of their political development up through 1962 and early 1963, though it is somewhat sketchy from there on. But his reporting on French Africa is particularly impressive. As he points out, the difference between the two Africas is striking. The ex-British countries were liberated in stages according to preparation (and pressure), but France cut the colonial bonds of fourteen territories in different stages of development within a space of four years—eight countries proclaimed their independence in 1960 within two days—while continuing to keep them economically far more dependent on Paris than the Commonwealth states are on London. "Within the last decade France has poured into Africa, south of the Sahara, public capital comprising subsidies, budgetary subventions, price supports, capital aid, and technical assistance which is conservatively estimated at $300 million a year. The real figure is believed to be far higher." Britain, on the other hand, contributed only $4 million to Ghana's $196-million Volta River project and a similarly ungenerous amount to Nigeria's $1.8-billion six-year plan, while the U.S. contribution was $224 million.

Despite the book's subtitle, *An Asian Looks at Africa*, the one part where the author's consciousness of being an Asian obtrudes most is also the part where he gets seriously over his head. On a visit to Albert Schweitzer he detects a similarity between the old doctor and Gandhi. He admires Schweitzer's "lined and weather-beaten" face, but also notices how his eyes grow stony when people disagree with him, and how his tenderness toward animals and birds contrasts with his indifference to African children. When Moraes had lunch with Schweitzer, the only African present was the waiter, who had the now generally insulting word "boy" inscribed in red on his white apron.

At the heart of Moraes's book are two long chapters on the Congo. Even though these end, in effect, with the fall of Tshombe in Katanga, supplemented by a few paragraphs of updating, they form one of the best accounts I have read of what happened from the dawn of independence in the Congo on June 30, 1960, to the action of the United Nations forces in Katanga in late 1962. Moraes interviewed Lumumba and other prominent figures, and traveled around the Congo at the height of the crisis, enjoying

being a reporter in a particularly hot spot. In one statistic, he estimates that the power-generating potential of the Congo is one quarter that of the entire world. This may be an exaggeration, but it nevertheless explains why the great nations of Europe were so interested in the Congo that when they were dividing the African continent among themselves they decided to hand the Congo over to King Leopold II of the Belgians rather than see any of their own number take it.

Moraes gives the Belgians their due while remaining objectively critical. He points out, for instance, that "Before July, 1960, the level of wages paid to the Congolese was the highest in Africa south of the Sahara, and the Congolese worker also enjoyed in law the right to strike...." But he recalls, as well, that the Congolese almost completely lacked political rights until independence was thrust on them and that "In the year of independence the entire Congo produced about 450 high school seniors." The Belgians as well as the Congolese, he declares, are oppressed by a colonial holdover. "The Belgians I met in the Congo and later in Ruanda-Urundi were uniformly courteous, considerate, and hospitable. But, as an Indian, knowing as I do the difference between colonial rule and independence, I sensed in the Belgians a rigidity of outlook which distinguishes them from other ex-colonialists . . ."

IN THE SECTION on East Africa, Moraes spends entirely too much time on the prospect of a Federation of Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika. From the vantage of 1965 it seems a most unlikely development. Similarly, he has a lengthy discussion of Tom Mboya, whose star has fallen considerably, and gives only a few lines to Jomo Kenyatta, who has become possibly the most influential figure on the continent. Nor does Moraes raise enough doubts about the depth of Kenyatta's involvement with the Mau Mau. In the last year and a half many have come to believe that Jomo really had little to do with the Mau Mau after its earliest, comparatively harmless days. Kenyatta's actions since his release from exile, shortly after Moraes left Kenya, have been largely concerned with healing the wounds of the Mau Mau rebellion and protecting the rights and even the property of the settlers who jailed him.

The author's reticence about the large Pakistani and Indian population of East Africa may— again from the vantage of 1965—be a serious omission. He does quote an observer as saying, " . . . it is not so much the principle of democracy for which Africans have struggled as the end of the rule of white over black." The same might be said about the commercial domination of brown over black, now that the whites are going. The violence one feels in the air in East Africa some day may be directed against the Indians.

Although for more concise and more recent information on Africa the books written by specialists for the Penguin African Library are, in general, the best recourse, there is always place for another big book about the continent that maintains the consistent point of view of a single reporter. It seems a pity, therefore, that the merits of this one are undermined by the time lag between reporting and publication.

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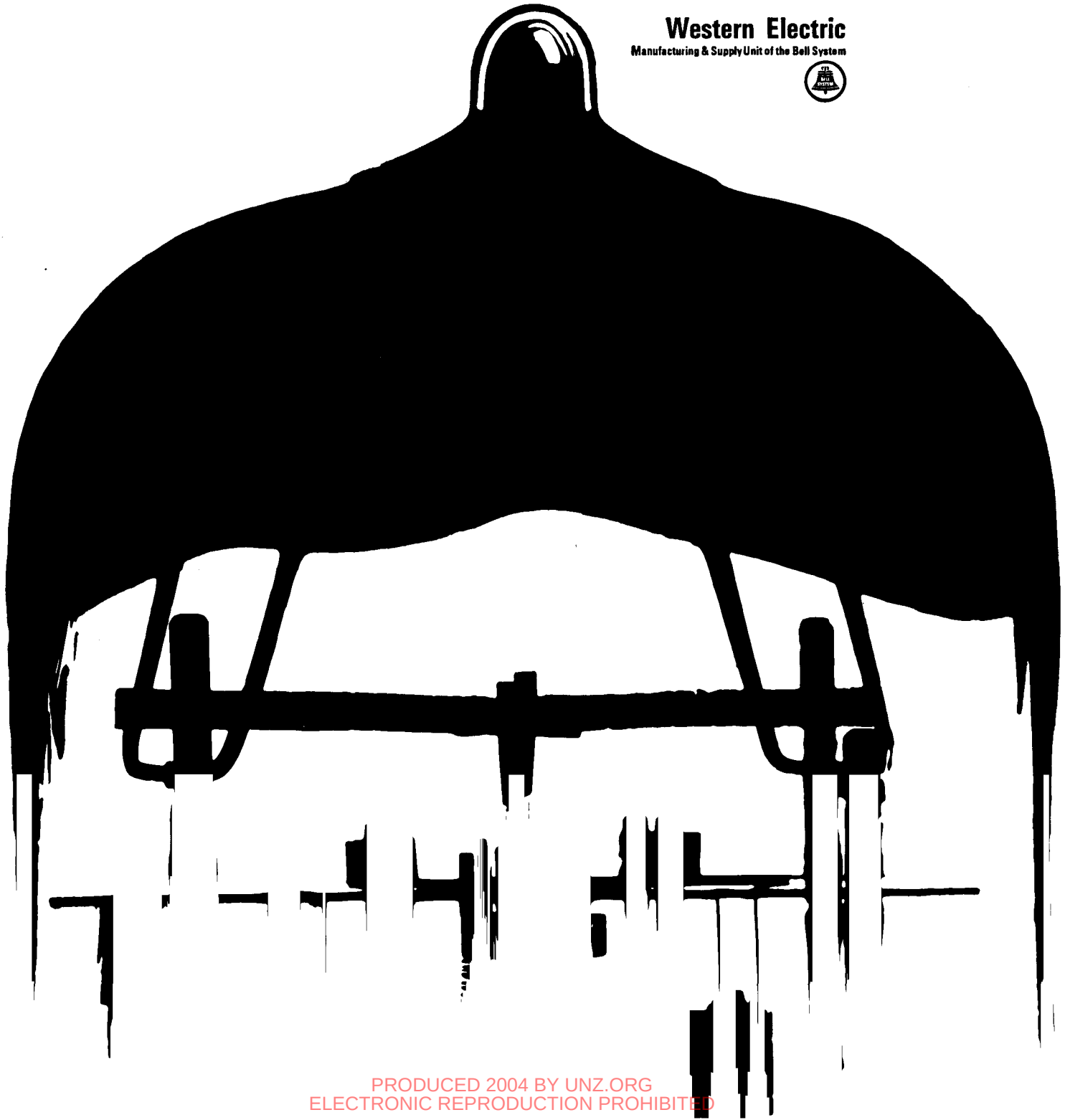

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